TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

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"MY DEAR PRIME MINISTER"

BY

A. G. Gardiner

THE KING of ALL Cough Remedies

Crowned 1824 and Still SUPREME 1927

A reign of over 100 years of absolute supremacy is something to be proud of—that is how the record stands for the grand old King of all Cough Remedies—Powell's Balsam of Aniseed. All the attacks of flattering imitations, substitutes and "cure-alls" have not dethroned this household favourite. He rules to-day as he did 100 years ago with undiminished zest and vim over the Land of Cough Freedom.

He has banished for ever from countless homes the oldest enemies of the household—Coughs—Colds—Bronchitis—Influenza—Whooping Cough, and all Throat, Chest and Lung complaints. Enlist now in the ever-growing Cough Free army of this worthy Monarch, he will speedily convince you that Coughs and Colds and Winter Ills are things of the past. You may join up now at your nearest chemists or stores by buying a bottle of Powell's Balsam of Aniseed, but be sure it bears the symbol of Cough Freedom, the famous Lion, Net and Mouse Trademark—it is your protection against deception.

Powell's BALSAM of ANISEED

1'3, 3'- & 5'- PER BOTTLE

From Boots, Taylors, Timothy White, Harrods, Selfridges, Whiteleys, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from THOMAS POWELL, Ltd., Blackfriars Rd., LONDON, S.E.

ISSUED BY THOMAS POWELL, LTD., BLACKFRIARS RD., LONDON, S.E.1.

Rheumatism
Cured Quickly and Effectively.

Lincoln Street, Bristol.
Dear Sir, I was taken seriously ill with RHEUMATISM and eventually I lost my voice. I had it in every part of my body. My feet, hands, and wrists swelled enormously, and I had a temperature of 103. When the pain went to my head I thought I should lose my senses. Doctors' medicine and liniment gave me no relief. After taking two boxes of Urace Tablets every trace of Rheumatism was feared out. Within 5 days I was out of bed and able to stroll in the open. I have never been without Urace since
Yours faithfully, W. THREADER.

Kidney Trouble and Bad Nerses

Cecil Street, Carlisle.
Dear Sirs, I have been a wreck for over two years and have been under Doctors, but they did me no good. I tried Urace for three months, and I consider myself a new woman, in fact, I can hardly believe I am cured of KIDNEY TROUBLE and BAD NERVES. I would advise others to take a trial of Urace Tablets, and I am sure they will benefit. Yours truly—Mrs. EATON.

URACE Cures Quickly.

URACE and URACE alone, can cure rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause uric acid dissolves and expels it from the system, and prevents its reappearance. That is why URACE has succeeded when scores of so-called cures, such as sprays, appliances, belts, and treatments, and cure alls have failed. That is why URACE is so freely prescribed and supported by the Medical Profession. Get your supply to-day.

13, 3/-, & 5/- per Box.

From Boots, Timothy White Co., Taylor's, and all Chemists and Stores, or direct from the URACE Laboratories, 82, St. Thomas's Street, S.E.1.

URACE TABLETS

THE WORLD'S GREATEST CYCLE OFFER

£10 FOR £6

The frame of the Graves 'Speed King' Cycle is now provided, enamelled Black & Coach Lined for can be supplied all Black if desired! Fitted with

8/- now

B.S.A. 3-SPEED GEAR
DUNLOP Beaded-Edge Cord Tyres
RENOLD CHAIN
MIDDLEMORE'S Three Ball Bearing Hubs

Lady's or Gent's model same price. Carriage Paid. Terms: 8/- now, & 8/- monthly. Complete Approval. Catalogue Post Free. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield.

10 YEARS WARRANTY

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Solution to the Crossword Puzzle published in our last issue

This week's puzzle is on page 32

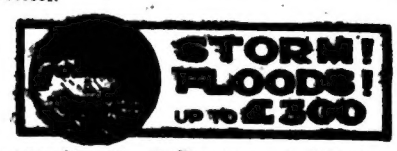
"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE GIFT

106 More Cheques
FOR REGISTERED READERS

(Owing to lack of space we can publish the names of a few only who Benefit this week.)

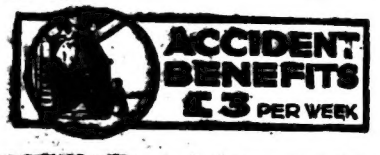
HANDSWORTH.—Mr. F. BURTON, 206, Wattville Road.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. FANNY GARDINER, 20, Garriochmill Road.
WOODSEAVES, Nr. STAFFORD.—Mr. T. EVANS,
SHIPLEY.—Mrs. A. DENNISON, 3, City View, Rochester Street.
BLACKPOOL.—Mrs. A. SHARP, 85, Belmont Avenue.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. A. GRANT, 303, S. Wellington.
WEDNESBURY.—Mr. C. KNOWLES, 33, Great Western Street.
FALMOUTH, CORNWALL.—Miss L. BEVAN, 1, Frisey Terrace.
PEN-Y-GROES, CARNARVON.—Mr. O. R. WILLIAMS, Market Square.
WATFORD.—Mrs. F. HARRIS, 15, Rose Gardens, Vicarage Road.
DINGLE.—Mrs. E. MATTHEWS, 10, Greaves Street.
WIDNES.—Mrs. B. J. WHITFIELD, 79, Wright Street, West Bank.
CHESTERFIELD.—Mrs. M. COOKE, 43, Devonshire Street, Newbold Moor.
HANDSWORTH.—Mrs. A. BLIZZARD, 30, Arthur Road.
CHESTER.—T. ITHELL, Stone Cottages, Penyffordd.
BATLEY.—GEO. LOCKWOOD, 75, Taylor Street.
HIGHGATE.—Mrs. E. CLARK, 93, Dartmouth Park Hill.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. R. T. KELSEY, 5/238 Bradford Street.
ELGIN.—Mrs. M. ELLIS, Muir Cottage, Kellas.
NEWBRIDGE, SCOTLAND.—Mrs. M. LEMANEY, Forrest Buildings.
GT. HAMPTON, WORCS.—Mrs. A. BOSWELL 7, New Road.
PONTYPOOL.—Mr. A. TRUMAN, 59, George Street.
PERRYHILL, CO. DURHAM.—J. W. KAY, 6, Kensington Gardens.
LEEDS.—Mr. E. S. JOWELL, 35, Christopher Road.
ACTON.—Mrs. B. A. CARDER, 87, Valetta Road.

DERBY.—Mrs. T. HIGHAM, 32, Victory Road, Osmaston Park Road.
LANGLEY MOOR, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. M. ASHTON, 74, Office Street.
BELPER, DERBYSHIRE.—Mrs. A. MEAKIN, 6, Bargate Road.
BOUEN, CAMBRIDGE.—Mrs. B. W. HOUGHTON, Gills Hill.
KENDAL.—Mrs. J. W. VAULKHARD, Reservoir.
MANCHESTER.—Mr. E. HIBBERT, 104, Walnut Street, Hightown.
NEWPORT PAGNELL.—Mr. J. T. HABTUP, Milton Keynes.
MALDON.—Mr. W. GRIMWADE, 88, Cross Road.
LEEDS.—Mr. G. H. STERRELL, Seacroft Green Seacroft.
STREATHAM, S.W.—Mrs. J. D. CLARKE, 13 Leverson Street.
MIDHURST, SUSSEX.—Mr. E. J. BOXALL The Common.
NEWTON-LE-WILLOWS.—Mr. A. ROBINSON, 193, Wargrave Road, Harlestown.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mr. F. WAKE, 50, Denmark Street, Heaton.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. A. BURLEY, 53, Bradford Street, Attercliffe.
HERTFORD.—Miss M. LINSELL, 16, Ash Street, Ware Road.
AIRDRIE.—Mrs. R. BUCHANAN, 116, Chapel Street.



GLASGOW.—Mr. D. DURNING, 4, Rhododendr Avenue, Bailliston.
WIGAN.—W. T. KEAR, Longshaw Cottage, 57, Upholland Road.

PENTRE, RHONDDA.—Mrs. M. J. OATLEY, 9, Pleasant Street.
GLASGOW.—Mr. J. VANCE, 8, Paleroo Street, Springburn.
JEDBURGH, ROXBURGHSHIRE.—Mr. W. OLIVER, 1, Duck Row.
SALTCOATS.—Mrs. M. HAGGARTY, 57 Quay Street.
CWM, MON.—Mr. E. J. DAVIES, 58, Stanfield Street.
EBBW VALE.—Mr. J. R. WILLIAMS, 15, Willpitte Terrace.
TONSTALL.—Mr. J. BARBER, 6, Scotch Row Chatterley.
LLANDOVERY, CARM.—Mr. T. R. WILLIAMS, 56, High Street.
LONDON, E.1.—Mrs. S. A. JONES, 114, Brady Street.
WINSFORD, CHESHIRE.—Mrs. M. J. WEEDALL, 169, High Street.
SPRINGFIELD, Nr. DUDLEY.—Mrs. P. SHACKETT, 103, Doulton Road.
WASHINGTON STATION, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. M. WYATT, 2, The Gables.
LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. J. GIBSON, 21, Portia Street, Kirkdale.



TAUNTON.—Mrs. A. S. SPRATT, Coal Orchard Marine Stores.
BODMIN, CORNWALL.—J. N. THOMAS, 42, Bland Street.
BANGOR.—Mrs. M. E. JONES, Cefn Braich, Llandegai.
CAMBUSLANG.—Mr. W. MCGREGOR, 1, Viewland Terrace, Kirkhill.
KENSAL RISE, N.W.10.—Mr. W. J. QUINNELL, 23, College Road.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. H. RICHARDSON, 6, Ann Street, Bridgeton.

NEWSAGENT'S BONUS—Bonuses in respect of the hen edits paid this week have been forwarded to the Newsagents concerned.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

READER'S NAME..... Age.....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

ADDRESS.....

.....

READER'S SIGNATURE.....

NAME AND ADDRESS OF NEWSAGENT.....

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DATE.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions until certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 19/2/27

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

ADDRESS.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

SIGNATURE.....

ADDRESS.....

DATE.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 19/2/27

JOHN BULL
Pen Coupon—Value 2/-

This Coupon will be accepted as ½d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 15/- Lever Self-Filler Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Ever-Pointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull" and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and p.o. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance). Pocket Clip, 3d. extra. Cross cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL, Pen. Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

John Bull's Wonderful Pen Offer
2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE!

The "John Bull" Pen, with 14-ct. Solid Gold Nib, Iridium tipped, worth 15/-
2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil, with refills, FREE 2/6
TOTAL VALUE 17/6

You send Six Coupons and p.o. for 4/- (plus 3d. Postage and Insurance) 4/-

YOU SAVE 13/6

Written 2 Years' Guarantee with every Pen.

Name engraved in Gold on Pen, 6d. extra.

"OFFERED DOUBLE THE PRICE."
I have had your Pen constant use for over seven years. I have recently been offered double the price I paid for it.
J.C.S., Rotherhithe.

Money refunded if not entirely satisfied.

Yeast is Life!

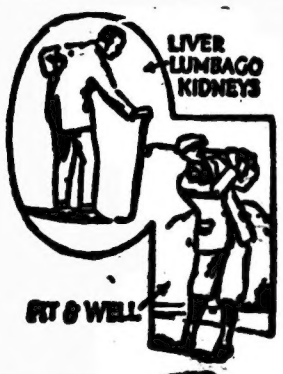
Irving's YEAST-VITE Tablets

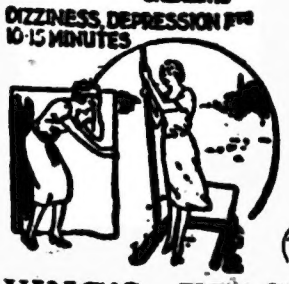
The Lightning Pick-me-up.

One of the greatest discoveries of the century: Pure Yeast and Vitamins —No harmful drugs. The gentle fermentation of Yeast-Vite when in contact with the gastric juices of the stomach causes a stimulating, buoyant feeling of extreme vigour. This wonderful Yeast-Vitamin Treatment is guaranteed to be safer, quicker and more effective than Aspirin.

IRVING'S *Yeast-Vite* TABLETS will relieve

Headache, Neuralgia, etc., in 5 minutes.
Indigestion, Flatulence, in 5 to 10 minutes.
Biliousness, Dizziness, Depression, in 10 to 15 minutes.
Disordered Stomach, Liver, etc., in 10 to 20 minutes.
Influenza Colds, Fever, in 24 hours.





An eminent specialist, in his article on Health, has emphasised the importance of Vitamin B as a tonic which causes the nerves to function properly. And in his list of essential foods he mentions YEAST as rich in Vitamin B.

YEAST-VITE* is Rich in *VITAMIN B.

When out of sorts or depressed, take 1 or 2 YEAST-VITE Tablets, and feel fresh and frisky in a few minutes.

OUR GUARANTEE. Obtain a bottle of Irving's YEAST-VITE tablets from your chemist or by post. Take the treatment at our expense. If not thoroughly convinced of the wonderful power of these tablets BY ACTUAL RESULTS, post the empty bottle to us, and we will refund the money by return of post.

Read these Testimonials

—a few of thousands received.

28315—E. W. H., Charterhouse: I have pleasure in testifying to the efficacy of Yeast-Vite Tablets in cases of great depression, anxiety or worry. Without a doubt, they are wonderful pick-me-ups.

28301—H. H. S., of Canton: Kindly mail me via Siberia two bottles of Irving's "Yeast-Vite" (containing 700 Tablets in each). I have found them very beneficial for my complaint—neuritis.

28310—Nurse G. C., Chiswick: I feel I must write and tell you how very much better in health I have been since I started taking your wonderful "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. I have been in a poor state of health for some considerable time, and have tried quite a number of different tonics, but I have not yet found anything to equal "Yeast-Vite."

28306—E. W., Shepherd's Bush: I feel that I should write and tell you that I have derived great benefit from "Yeast-Vite," and after taking it for about two days felt different altogether. For some time past I have been feeling very run-down, could not sleep and was a bag of nerves, and could not cheer myself up. Now I feel quite fit and bright and have gained 2lbs. in one week. I work in a large Government office, and have recommended them to numerous members of the staff, and they also say that they feel very satisfactory results. Wishing you every success with your undertaking.

28316—A. P. R., East Ham: I feel I must write to express my gratitude for the beneficial treatment I have received through your "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. To be perfectly frank, I did not anticipate such a rapid change in my condition, in such a short space of time, namely, a week. I have suffered from nervousness for a considerable period, during which I have tried practically every kind of Patent Medicines with very little or no benefit.

28317—L. H. R., Birmingham: Just a line to thank you for the wonderful recovery I have made, through taking one bottle of "Yeast-Vite" Tablets. For a considerable time I have suffered from Indigestion and Flatulence with very acute pain. Several remedies have I tried, but to no avail.

£100 Cash

will be paid to anyone proving that the following extracts from unsolicited testimonials are not genuine. We have received nearly 45,000 letters from satisfied users in less than three years which are open to inspection.

CAUTION.—Beware of Imitations! See the name Irving's Yeast-Vite on every carton and bottle and sealed with Government Stamp. Refuse fraudulent substitutes, which are worthless.

Send postcard for free treatise on Anæmia, Nerves, Skin Blemishes, Constipation, Colds, Insomnia, Rheumatism, Pains, etc.

IRVING'S YEAST-VITE LABORATORIES,
"Cecil House," Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

Remove Corns
this easy way.

Why waste time with paints and plasters? Why risk blood-poisoning through using knives when you can remove corns in the easy, painless and safe Radox way? Radox gets right at the root of the corn. Simply soak your feet in a Radox footbath or two and you will be able to lift out your corn—root and all—so that it cannot come back. Read this letter:

"I must tell you of the most wonderful *results of using Radox Bath Salts. I have suffered for years with two very painful corns, and have tried all kinds of things, but with* no result, *and now, after two soakings with Radox, I have been able to take them right out* roots and all. *It seems too good to be true. I shall certainly recommend Radox to all my friends, and shall never be without a box in my house, for they are also a great relief to tired feet."*
2nd December, 1926. *Mrs. A. M.*

You, too, can do this—when you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it can be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvent to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is obvious that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts. More Radox Salts are sold than any other kind, a further proof of its efficacy.

Ask for Radox at your Chemist's, price 1s. 6d. per ½-lb. Pink Packet. 2s. 6d. double quantity.

1/6 *Half pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

Your 1927 Cycle at HALF Price in GREAT SPRING *Sale*

from **2/3** weekly

All Models Carry Makers Full Guarantee

Having on hand a quantity of the famous **ROYAL CYCLES**, being the balance of a large contract for 1927 models, we are authorised to offer these at almost half the list prices you would ordinarily pay in a shop.

8-GUINEA MODELS fitted with B.S.A. Free Wheel for **£4.12.6** (or 9/- Monthly).

10-GUINEA DE LUXE Models fitted with the famous B.S.A. 3-Speed Gear for **£5.12.6** (or 10/6 Monthly)

Numerous other Models to choose from at similar reductions.

Money returned if not satisfied.

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That One Irritating Rash may Become Many
Prevent More by Using Cuticura

Soap regularly and Cuticura Ointment when necessary. The Soap cleanses the clogged, irritated pores, the Ointment soothes and heals.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 33, Banner Street, London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

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A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

WHEN SENDING
Write name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send money and Treasury Notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Gent's Suits made to measure in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored. Pay 8/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments until you have paid in all **52/6**

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns. Catalogue and simple Self-measurement Form.

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Worthy of the Occupant

SALE! During our Sale we are authorised by the makers to offer a limited number of genuine Daintiears at substantially reduced prices. This £5 5 0 model as illus. for **£2.19.6** (or 6/- monthly).
Ribbed Cushion Tyres, 10/6 extra.
Numerous other models at similar reductions.
Send at once for illustrated list post free from

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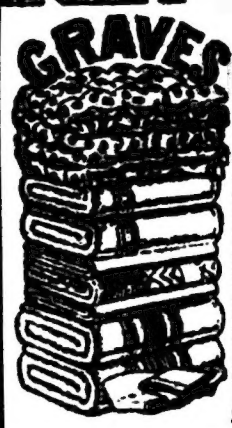

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10/- NOW

World's Finest Value. 1 pr All-Wool Blankets; 1pr White Fleecy Blankets; 1pr Unbleached Twill Sheets; 2 White Pillow Cases; 1 White Bolster Case; 1 Alhambra Quilt; 1 Lovely Wadded Quilt. All double bed size. Price £4:10:0
TERMS: Send 10/- now 10/- monthly. 5% Discount for cash.
Catalogue Post Free.
J. G. GRAVES Ld. SHEFFIELD.

DIRECT FROM FACTORY

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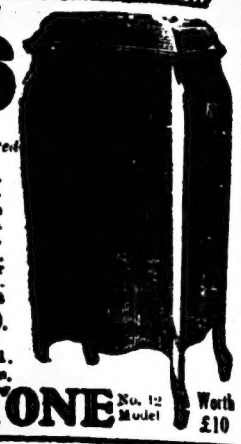
Carr. Paid U.K.

Also supplied on deferred payments.



Handsome Cabinet, beautifully Oak finished and possessing an unusually pure tone and great volume. A delight both to eye and ear. Strong DOUBLE SPRING, 3-Record Motor. Write for new Catalogue No W or examine full range of models at

CABINET GRAMOPHONE CO.
(Dept. J.B. 45),
73, Camden Rd., London, N.W.1.
Also 149, High St. N., E. Ham.

FULLOTONE No. 12 Model Worth £10

3,000 FACTORY PRICE BARGAINS

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Beautiful Rings, Bangles, Pendants, Watches, &c., examples of the money you save by buying from the Empire's largest Jewel Factory—illustrated in H. Samuel's

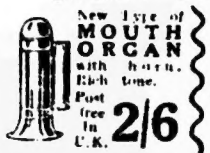
BIG FREE BOOK!

Send a postcard for it now! FREE PRIZES FOR ALL BUYERS! This fine Nickelled Watch fully warranted **3/9** Post free
With Albert Chain 4/6

Write now to:
Dept. 189, Market St., Manchester.

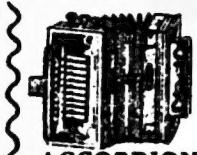
H. SAMUEL Ltd.

THREE GREAT BARGAINS



New Lyre of MOUTH ORGAN with horn. Rich tone. Post free in U.K. **2/6**

UKULELE
With complete outfit, case and full tuning tutor. Send 10 day. Post free in U.K. **12/6**



ACCORDION
Ten keys, two basses. One set of reeds. Two wood stops. Six double fold bellows. Beautiful tone. Post free in U.K. **12/6**

Agents required

J. B. MENHINICK, 243, PENTONVILLE ROAD, LONDON, N.1.

15/- PER ROLL of 72 SQUARE FEET

HYDROLEUM FLOOR COVERING

Every Roll is two yards wide.
Thicker than high-priced Cork Lino. Guaranteed rot, damp & vermin proof; easily cleaned. For stone, brick, damp or ordinary wooden floors. Send for free samples and patterns of actual material.

HAWKEN & Co. (Dept. J.B. 28)
122, Wardour St., London, W.1.

IT is not always convenient to pay a lump sum to your tailor, even six months after he sends his bill, but there is no difficulty about paying

6/- Down for your New Suit.

JOIN THE EASY PAYMENT TAILORS' GUILD

Full particulars, with patterns, will be sent in reply to a postcard. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Suits to Measure from TWO GUINEAS. This is acknowledged to be the fairest method of dressing out of income.
For privacy and safety address—
BCM/EP4U, LONDON, W.C.1
A. WOOD, Easy Payment Tailors' Guild, 13, Greek Street, Leeds. (Box 65 G.P.O.).

WORLD'S BEST

In Value, Quality and Tone. Every instrument made in the Graves Sheffield Factory and guaranteed perfect in every detail.

TERMS: Our bargain price is for Deferred Payments. Send 8/- now, & 11 monthly payments of 8/- Five per cent discount for cash.
Complete Approval.

Graves Gramophone (Hornless Model) size 16½ x 14½ x 7in. Strong 4-reed motor with worm drive, nickel plated fittings, and super-sensitive reproducer **£3 0 0**

CATALOGUE POST FREE.
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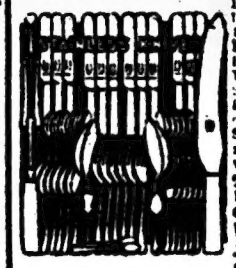

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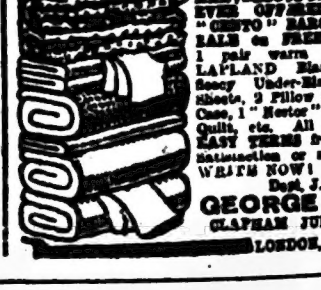

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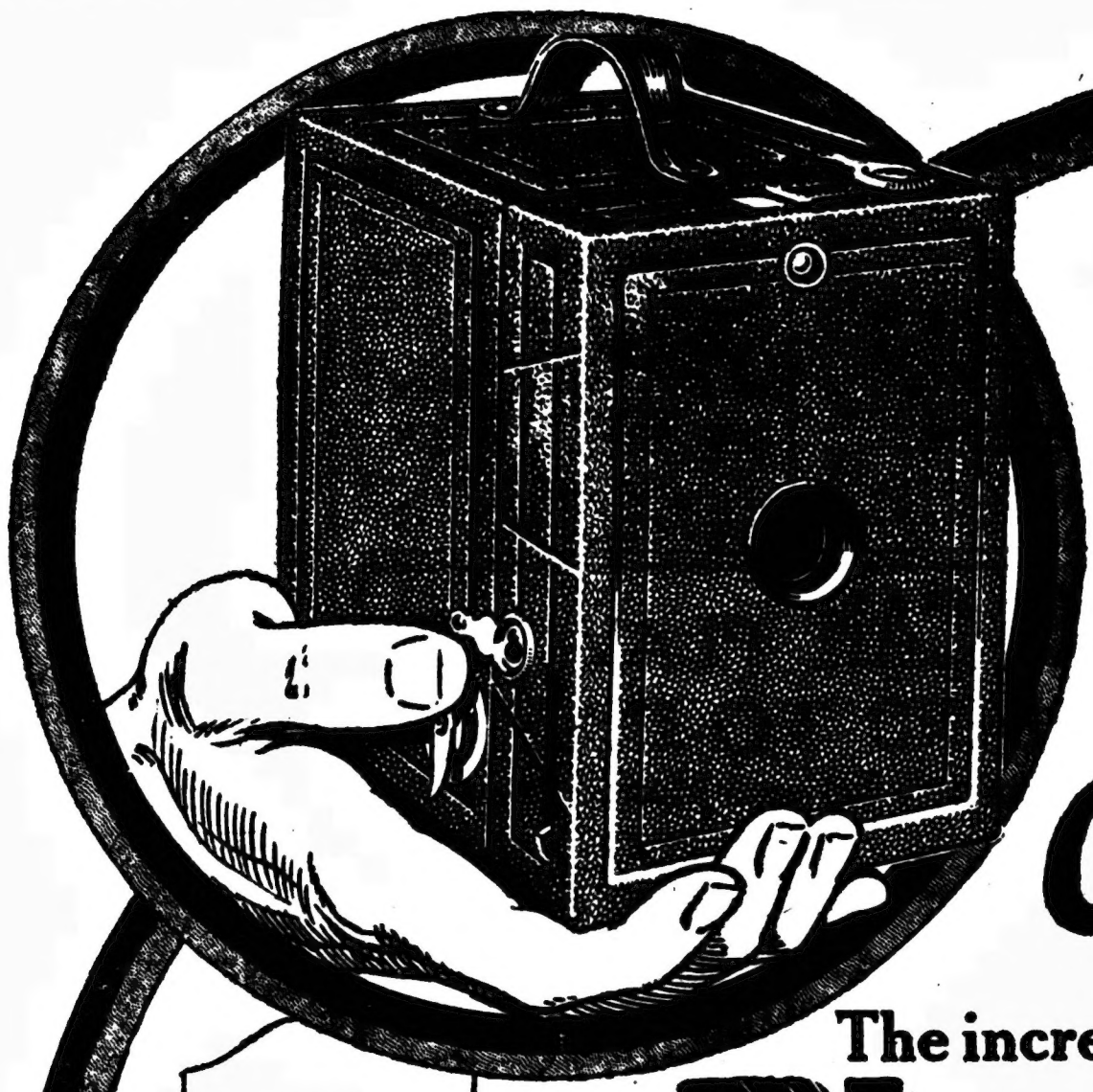

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Week ending Saturday, Feb. 19, 1927. Twopence. Vol. XLI. No. 1079.

JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9870.
Telegrams: Heroically, London.

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

No Agreement.

The Government at the moment is not a happy band of brothers. A hornet's nest is about Mr. Baldwin's ears, caused less by what he intends to do this session than what he has missed out.

The Easy Way.

The Cabinet was in a quandary which of two thorny questions to tackle this session—factory legislation or the Poor Law. "Happy thought," said Baldwin, "postpone both."

The Mystery Man.

Sir John Simon dined with Lloyd George at the Liberal gathering on the eve of the session, but absented himself next day from the inevitable election of L. G. as Parliamentary leader. So still nobody knows just exactly!

On, Stanley, On!

The youngest of the three members of Lord Derby's family in the Commons, Major Oliver Stanley, made his mark in moving the Address. British politics are always the better for a strong dash of breezy good humour.

Those Hovels.

"There's no place like home" is an advertisement issued under Government auspices. The Empire Marketing Board seems here to be perpetrating a bitter satire on the Department responsible for the housing of the people.

The Vanishing Act.

Fierce controversy is aroused by Mr. Neville Chamberlain's proposal to abolish boards of guardians. If the guardians go so does the human touch.

Leasehold Looseness.

The Government pledge to leasehold reform is only a step. Nothing short of revision of the whole land system is adequate to bring us out of the present morass. Why not begin the attack?

Tit makes for Tat.

Earl Beauchamp regrets the precipitancy with which the Government is acting in regard to trade unions. It isn't anything like the precipitancy with which the trade unions will act at the next election if anything reactionary is passed.

Winston's Worry.

Mr. Churchill thinks that taxation presses so heavily on industry that the time is inopportune to introduce legislation to increase it. We could suggest a lot to decrease it. Easy access to cheap land, for instance.

Jeremiads.

Those who believe in the speedy coming of Armageddon are getting ready for an alarmist campaign. Wise folk will ignore the dismal ones, and put their energy into *working* for peace.

Good Hearing.

Delegates attending the World Economic Conference at Geneva are chosen for personal qualifications and "not to act as spokesmen of their respective Governments." There's been too much harm done in the past by irresponsible gas-bags.

Figures No Guide.

"Dole" drawers are going down by thousands, but what becomes of them? We've still 1,331,500 unemployed and we don't hear of any of the necessary public works that the Government could undertake being started.

Poverty Penalised.

Men accepted as tenants of Leicester's new corporation houses are not considered eligible for relief work because they "live outside the city." For sheer irony this is bad to beat. Leicester guardians must think again.

Justice Pays.

"The highest trading profit ever gained" is the year's record of one big London stores notorious for making happy conditions for employees. Good wages, no tips, and plenty of recreation are the slogans. Human care for human needs is always good business.

Going Ahead.

At Sheffield University glass unequalled in the world for heat-resisting properties has been produced. It can be hit with a hammer and not break. There's sense in inventions like that. They'll save life.

The Gift.

There are men who want publicity for every act of charity and others who work for love. Among the latter must be counted the anonymous donor of weekly Treasury notes to the committee of Walsall workshops for the blind. May the money bring interest in happiness.

Starting Wheels.

Locomotive works at Inverurie which have been on short time since last May are now working five days a week. It won't be long before they're working full time if all the work that needs doing gets done.

Good Going.

Notts miners are repaying the guardians' loans at record speed, Basford Board hoping to be "straight" at the end of the half year. May the last payment be the last of the sort needed. We want no more lock-outs.

What's Yours?

A 45/- Camera—a Gecophone Wireless Set—A Handsome Tea Set—or a Cycle for the Youngsters? These and many other Prizes await you in "Bullets." See page 39.

CHOOSE YOUR OWN PRIZE!

Not Only London.

Seventy-five per cent. of the children of London go out into the world with no more than elementary education. It's a mistake. If we educate fully all our children they'll make a better world.

Women are Houseproud.

That the pig makes the sty is a familiar objection of reactionaries against slum abolition. It is disproved by the Dundee medical officer. He finds one-time "slummers" who have been moved to decent quarters among the best housewives.

Miners are Studious.

What did you do in the great lock-out, daddy? is answered in the coal-fields by the libraries. At Bargoed 32,737 books were issued during the year, and at Aberbargoed 47,142. Men who read are men who think, and that's why they aren't contented with rotten conditions.

Put It On the List.

Suicides are imitative, says the Hereford coroner. In other words, one death after another, especially among women, is caused by drinking lysol. It should be scheduled as a poison.

Death Decency.

Mr. Kirby, chairman of St. Ives Board of Guardians, says respect should be shown even to paupers. We agree. Deal boxes without semblance of a coffin offend good taste.

Jollity at Coalville.

A holy day and a holiday are not mutually antagonistic, says Father Degen. We agree. If religion had worn a smile instead of a sour face we might have a brighter and better world to-day.

Aged, but Plucky.

Bricklaying ranks among work of first-class importance these days, and at eighty-seven years of age, Mr. Arthur Chapman of Terling, Essex, still does his daily whack. It's a fine example.

At Middlesex Hospital.

The small group of people who submit to blood transfusion have given so much and so often that further volunteers are asked for. To give of the life-blood for life-saving is the greatest gift of all. They are heroes, all.

That's the Ticket.

No prosecutions for drunkenness for two years is the record of the mining village of Port Talbot. The police attribute it to sport organisation. Exactly. All work and no play not only makes a man dull; it often leads to drunkenness through boredom.

Married or Single.

Of two hundred members of the Old Students' Association of the Household Science Department of King's College for women, only 10 per cent. have married. The rest prefer careers. But all will be better for knowing "how and why" when housekeeping is concerned.

Common Sense.

In spite of alarmists, Birmingham is establishing a birth-control clinic. The Midland city means to readjust the balance between under-breeding in the suburbs and over-breeding in the slums. Quality is better than quantity.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Theft Made Easy.

Sentence of one month's imprisonment passed at Sunderland upon Thomas Thompson, a dishonest Christmas club treasurer, robbed ten children of their breadwinner. The wretched father was not alone to blame. Part of the responsibility rests with the law which makes thieving easy so long as the victims are poor.

The Inhuman Brute.

We're with the judge who regretted he could not give a flogging sentence to James Boyle, of Gallony, who has been sentenced to a year's hard labour for cruelty. This inhuman monster made his little two-year-old child eat tobacco, beat it with a strap and held it near a fire until it was badly burned. If ever the punishment should be made to fit the crime this is a case in point.

The Chinese Peril.

Many foreign sailors are persistent and clever smugglers of raw opium, and other soul-destroying drugs, at British ports. Lian Yih Agen, a Chinese fireman, is one of them. He tried to get a quantity of raw opium through at South Shields, but was caught. Fines, however, won't stop the smuggling. The profits are large, and the only thing the traffickers fear is jail.

Plucky Policeman.

Police-constable Ford, of Liverpool, is an ornament to the force. When William Fay fell between his barge and the wharf wall, Henry Smith, a traveller, who hails from Clapham, jumped to his rescue. However, he, too, got into difficulties, and Ford plunged in after them. He fastened a lifebelt to Fay, and reached Smith just as he was overcome with the cold. A gallant action, well worthy of official recognition.

Slanderous Tongues.

As though it were not enough that his wife and seven children perished in the flames, Charles Pedley, of Adam Street, Birmingham, was the subject of the wildest rumours in connection with the fire. The coroner rightly refused to give credence to these, and remarked that there was no reliable evidence of anything against the man. It seems a pity that slanderous busybodies can't leave the poor fellow alone in his appalling grief.

A Unique Example.

In order that the poor to whom he willed his money should benefit to the last possible farthing, Mr. Walter Williams, a Lampeter carpenter and builder, entered the local workhouse as a paying guest, and directed that his remains should be buried with pauper cheapness. There will be about £2,000 to distribute, so that Mr. Williams did very literally practise what he preached. His sermon was that too much money that can ill be afforded was too often spent upon funerals.

Passing of a Friend.

Those who have been so fortunate as to see Mr. Algernon Aylmer Valentine amongst the birds in Hyde Park will regret the death of this friend of the feathered tribe. He loved them, and they loved him, and the understanding existing between them was a constant cause of wonder. After his body was taken from the Thames at Mortlake, a bag of dry bread and corn was taken from his humble room at Peckham. With the sparrows, we mourn the passing of this magnetic personality.

Squeezing the Poor.

The other day a pitiful case came before Ballymoney Petty Sessions, when a man named John Alexander was summoned for non-compliance with a school attendance order. The defendant, a basket-maker, was over seventy, and his little household was in sadly reduced circumstances. When the summons was served there was neither food nor clothes in the house, and though it was submitted that the Education Act could hardly be enforced in such circumstances, the Bench imposed a fine of 10s. and 7s. costs! Was there no way of helping such sufferers?

All in the Day's Work.

Police-constable Jordan, of the Preston force, on duty in Fylde Road, heard a scream, and saw that a motor lorry was almost on the top of a child. Without hesitation, and at the risk of his own life, he snatched the bairn from imminent death. A brave act, and one that ought to bring Jordon a sergeant's badge, though 'twas only a part of a constable's daily job.

A Lucky Escape.

"I kept myself straight, and then rolled over to protect my face. Twice a coupling struck me and six carriages and last of all the engine passed over me." We congratulate John Charles Logan, dairy farmer, of Sudbury Farm, Downham, who after being struck down by a train which was being shunted, escaped with a few cuts, and, after receiving medical treatment, actually drove his lorry to the farm. There's pluck if you like!

Workshop Music.

When the workers at the Wolverton Carriage Building Works of the L.M.S. were put on short time, instead of brooding they produced an original musical comedy, "The Zonarian Nights." Better times are coming to Wolverton and they will be made the most of by men and women who take their troubles cheerfully. The merry heart goes farther than the sad one.

The Go-back and Come-back.

"Old George" has spent a good deal of his seventy years in prison, which he looks upon as home. On discharge he applies at the Prisoners' Aid Society and receives 5s., which he invests in pigeon food to sell to visitors to St. Paul's. When his stock is exhausted "Old George" hurls a boot through the nearest window and qualifies for a further term in jail. Is society so helpless that for this type of mind it has no other remedy than prison bars?

The Human Machine

Begin at Home!

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

MAETERLINCK, the poet, once wrote a play called "The Blue Bird." It depicted a search for happiness that took the searchers into the past, into the future, into all kinds of times and places.

In the end they returned home—to find that the Blue Bird of Happiness for which they had been searching was in their own home all the time.

I know people like that—so do you. People who are desperately searching for a relief from boredom that really lies within themselves, a boredom and weariness they have created through allowing their abilities to get rusty from disuse.

"I have lived to know," said an old writer, "that the great secret of human happiness is this: 'Never suffer your energies to stagnate.'

"The old adage of 'Too many irons in the fire' conveys an untruth. You cannot have too many—poker, tongs and all—keep them going."

Quite right. It is the busy man who can always find time for just one thing more. It is the idle person who can never find enough time in a whole day to get anything done at all.

THE only thing to make sure of is that we *can* keep going all the irons we put into the fire. So long as we can do that, the more the merrier, for the busier we are the happier we shall be.

But don't let us take on more than we can really accomplish. To do that is merely to turn a source of happiness into a source of worry and anxiety.

The moral of which is to master ambition and take care it does not master you.

The Drab Sunday.

"If streets on Sunday evenings could be cleared of their grave perils for young people by providing some form of amusement," says Sir William Raynor, "it is worth trying." We agree. Were the spirit of our times rightly diagnosed "hell parades" would disappear from Huddersfield and other towns. The drabness of the puritan Sunday has brought ruin to many a young life, and broken many a mother's heart.

A Foolish Escapade.

For stabbing four schoolgirls on the legs with knives stolen from Woolworth's Stores, two Castleford (Yorks) schoolboy brothers were ordered to be birched. They pleaded that they had learned how to do it at the "pictures," and the chairman warned them that their action might have been serious. We congratulate the magistrates on having taken the sensible course, rather than branding the lads for life by sending them to a reformatory.

Clear the Air!

Whilst owners and miners were hammering out a settlement coal users had their supplies cut down. And now the South Kirkby Parish Council reveal the fact that the lower death-rate in their district was due to smokeless chimneys. The toll on life by the smoke polluters has been heavy in many industrial districts over generations, and South Kirkby's experience is a call for clearer air, no matter whose toes have to be trodden on.

Blunting Sharps.

In the off season racecourse crooks turn to other methods of getting easy money, favouring card-sharping in trains in particular. We are glad to see that at some of the London stations the railway police and train guards are alert. The warning cry, "Card sharpers aboard!" has served to thwart many little crooked schemes in recent weeks. Of course, "Never play cards with strangers" is the best advice.

Luckiest Alive.

Because she insisted on going to a party against his wish, and had teased him about other men, Edward Croft, twenty-two, a window cleaner, stabbed Sarah Ellen Bruce, of Cockerell Street, Liverpool. Mr. Justice Greer told him he had had a narrow escape, hoped that the affair would prove a lesson for life, and then bound him over. Croft has reason to think himself the luckiest fellow alive, since many men have suffered long terms of penal servitude for less.

Bodies and Souls.

So shamefully scarce are homes at Wallasey that one family of eleven people has to herd in one room. It includes the parents, a woman (aged twenty-three), two men (each twenty-one), and two girls (twenty and sixteen). Two thousand names are on the waiting list for Corporation homes. Is the Wallasey pulpit so poor a thing that it dare not demand that the authorities shall provide decent homes for the bodies of those whose souls it seeks to save?

An Exploded System.

James Henry Edmonds has walked the earth for seventy-five years, forty-three of which he has spent behind prison bars. A while ago he escaped from Windsor Police Station, but was recaptured and charged with various robberies, for which he has now been sent back to jail for three years. It is such cases as these which prove the futility of our prison system from the reformatory point of view, and it must be replaced with something more logical and up to date.

Tears on Tap.

A boy of fifteen has been arrested at Manchester for begging from crowds in the streets, and placed on probation for twelve months at the Manchester Juvenile Court. He said that he had lost his work and dare not tell his parents. So he took to crying in the street, and when a crowd collected, told them that he had lost his wages. He said he made 11s. to 24s. this way. Mothers ought to look to it that their children are never ashamed to tell them anything they have done. To bully a child that makes confession is one way to make a liar and a thief.

A Stupid Sentence.

Because a woman at Wood Green represented that she was collecting money for the children of a man who had died from cancer, when the whole story was a myth, Wood Green magistrates have sent her to prison for three months. As her total haul was twopence it is a pity no other way was found of checking her. It's going to be a dear twopennyworth to the taxpayers, but that is an aspect of imprisonment very seldom taken into consideration.

No Receipts.

When told he would be committed to prison if he did not pay a fine, a man pleaded at Wimbledon that he had put the money into a policeman's hand before leaving the court. He was unable to identify the officer. Though we admit that the statement may not have been true, we regard the confession of the warrant officer that it is not the custom to give receipts for fines as a dangerous admission. Any man who pays a debt has a legal right to an acknowledgment.

Humble Performers.

We do not like to see itinerant musicians dragged into a police court. After all, they are trying to do something to earn a living, and in their little way they are as worthy of support as the star at Covent Garden. When a man was charged before Mr. Rooth with begging, the magistrate, after listening to his playing of "Love's Old Sweet Song" on a whistle, discharged him. Surely these men's lives are hard enough at the best, and policemen might find more useful tasks to their hands.

Alter the Law.

When Arthur Winchester Smith, an elderly man of Forest Hill, died from gastric ulcer, his widow sent a message by aeroplane to the doctor who had treated him for progressive muscular atrophy. This was because the doctor was in France, and from that country she received a death certificate in accordance with the latter complaint. The strictures passed by Major W. H. Whitehouse, the Lewisham coroner, are not a whit too severe, but it's little use blaming doctors. What needs altering is the law which still permits of a death certificate being given without the body being seen.

His Chance.

Frederick Treble, aged fifty, is what is known as "an old lag." He has been convicted twelve times, mostly for bicycle stealing. When again charged at the North London Police Court with this offence, he told the magistrate that his daughter was dying, and that he was anxious to go back to work. As he had been in employment for four months, and had remained out of prison for two years, Mr. Sharpe decided to give him a chance by placing him on probation. Nine men out of ten who are trusted prove trustworthy. We commend Mr. Sharpe's wisdom and humanity.

A Savage Sentence.

Although he had been convicted sixteen times from 1915 till 1924, James Edwin Hodson had lived an honest life since. When charged with stealing clothing from Blackburn Market, three similar offences were taken into consideration, and he was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. On appeal, the Lord Chief Justice remarked that so severe a sentence should not have been passed for intrinsically a minor offence, and reduced it to twelve months' hard labour. To pass a savage sentence merely because the accused has been in prison is to punish him twice for the same offence.

"With Best Wishes."

We would we could record the name of a woman who at Stratford was granted a separation from her husband, since she is a striking example of the forgiveness and great-heartedness of the majority of womankind. She resides in Cranley Drive, Ilford, while the man lives in a Rowton House. Though the latter had been guilty of persistent cruelty, the wife not only declined to ask for maintenance but handed over £5 to be given him "with my best wishes." Our best wishes are for her future happiness, and we trust wisdom may yet come to a very foolish fellow.

Why Not?

Why are not rear lights for cyclists compulsory? Possibly if they had been Ethel Florence Richards might still be alive. Though no one saw the accident, the back wheel of her machine was found completely smashed, and at the inquest the jury added to their open verdict the rider that cyclists should be compelled by law to carry rear red lights at night. Cyclists should profit by the suggestion, and render compulsion unnecessary.

Another Homeless Ex-Soldier.

A discharged soldier with a wife and seven children, the ages of the latter ranging from three to seventeen, lived in a shed described to the Bedwas (Monmouthshire) Council as a "hen coop." The only light had to come through the door, and the only water supply was 200 yards distant. The father said he was hoping to get better accommodation soon. We trust that tragedy will not step in before he succeeds.

Money without Money?

"Earn money without money" is the slogan of a gentleman named James Craig, of Oswald Chambers, Glasgow, who is at present sending out unsolicited circulars of decidedly attractive appearance. Mr. Craig is anxious to dispose of "British Bonus Bonds in an ingenious system of multiple co-operation," which is his own way of describing the age-old snowball scheme, so popular with Continental touts. Don't listen to him!

A Wireless Wangle.

For some time a Welsh reader has been wondering why an order sent to the Transformer Repair Company, of Hay Street, Portsmouth, has not been fulfilled, for he has written on several occasions without receiving any reply. As he had paid 16s. 8d. in advance he had every reason to be concerned, and we regret having to inform him that his worst fears seem to be justified. A letter which we recently addressed to the company has just come back to us marked, "Gone away."

The Real Culprit.

The Grand Jury at Gloucester reduced the coroner's charge of murder against Ruth Box Tanner, a thirty-four-year-old housekeeper, to one of infanticide. This poor, homeless creature was driven for shelter to an old shed and there, in great misery, she gave birth to a child which died from injuries to its head. Happily, Mr. Justice Roche has ordered the poor creature to be detained in an institution for mental deficients. It's a thousand pities there is no law for dealing with the miscreant responsible for her condition.

In the Courts Again.

On selling a horse that was insured with the Lancashire and General Assurance Company, a Bristol gentleman applied for the cancellation of his policy. As he received no satisfaction he took the matter to the Bristol County Court. The company was not represented and judgment was given in his favour for £46 odd, the surrender value of the policy. The Lancashire and General Assurance Company, which has twice been fined for failing to file requisite returns of its accounts, seems slipshod in its methods of business.

A Callous Official?

That her life could not have been saved in any circumstances does not excuse the callous conduct of a relieving officer, who, when asked to arrange for the removal of a poor woman to hospital, is reported to have remarked: "Oh, bust her! Let her wait till the morning." The patient, a domestic servant, was suffering from blood poisoning following a septic finger. The matter is to be brought before the Kingston-on-Thames guardians, who owe it to the community to relieve the district of the official concerned if the allegations are substantiated.

106 MORE CHEQUES
For Registered Readers
See page 2.

Problems of Life

The Worth of Apology

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

WAS it the late Mr. Chamberlain who gave as a maxim for public life the words, "Never withdraw, never explain, never apologise"? He acted on it, anyway, and usually with good effect.

The Rt. Hon. C. F. G. Masterman

Middle-aged people can recall the angry sensation produced in Germany a quarter of a century ago by his perfectly justifiable statement that our methods in the Boxer war were mild compared with those of the Prussians in France in 1870.

Now that we know at first hand what the Prussian military doctrine of "frightfulness" really is, we can better appreciate the British statesman's point.

The German Press had been calling our soldiers brutes, barbarians, savages, torturers; the above comparison was Chamberlain's reply.

Then the storm broke. All Germany foamed at the mouth, demanded the speaker's instant dismissal from public service and tried to form a European combination against us.

A FEW timid spirits in this country would have had the offending expression modified or a disclaimer of responsibility for it issued on the authority of the British Prime Minister.

Nothing of the kind happened. Instead, in a few days pealed forth Chamberlain's famous rejoinder, "What I have said I have said."

Instantly the whole nation lined up behind him. The British public felt that he had taken a proper stand against foreign bullying and shown dignity in refusing to discuss or tone down his previous utterance.

We seem to be producing another kind of public man in these days, who aims at pleasing our critics abroad by placing our own country in a bad light. Mr. Masterman's recent controversy with Lord Tavistock is a case in point.

The former asked for a withdrawal of the allegation that the story of the *Lusitania* medal was invented by the British for propaganda purposes.

Instead of either withdrawal or expression of regret for a mistake, Mr. Masterman received a succession of modifications of the original statement with some new surmises added.

Naturally, he feels indignant and quite rightly maintains that a healthy tone is only possible in social life if frankness and a sense of honour prevail in ordinary intercourse.

NO doubt Mr. Chamberlain would have said this too. His aphorism above quoted is not inconsistent therewith.

Nothing is more cordially welcomed in public or private life than a generous admission of having been in the wrong in a dispute or done injustice to an opponent.

It is a false pride which abstains from honestly owning up when one is in fault.

CLOSE UP THE BLACK CAFÉ!

THE JURYMAN AND "JOHN BULL"

Judge's Striking Comments

Mr. Justice Avory, who tried the Kitten case

WE have fought and won before Mr. Justice Avory a libel action of which we are distinctly proud. It was a remarkable action because of the gravity of the charges which we felt bound to make in the interest of public morality, and because of the mendacity and shamelessness of the plaintiff.

We found occasion some time ago to criticise a coloured man named James Kitten, the owner of a café in Great White Lion Street, Soho.

We said that the café was a rendezvous for coloured criminals of every description, that day and night alike crimes and murderous assaults were planned there by the frequenters and that Kitten himself had no respect whatever for law and order.

These were strong words. They could hardly have been stronger, but we knew that they were more than justified. We had in mind the histories of many broken white women dragged down to infamy and shame.

Kitten issued a writ for libel against us, and we were more than willing to meet him in open court.

Denials and admissions

There were specific charges to justify relating to men who had lately left the premises and who were regular customers.

Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., who represented the proprietors of JOHN BULL, had little difficulty in so doing. The facts of these cases, relating to brutal fights in which white women were concerned, the cowardly wounding of a police officer, and the traffic in drugs could not be denied.

Proof that Kitten himself was cognisant of the character of the criminals was a different matter.

His clients, he said, were for the most part coloured seamen who used his café as a place of call when in the Port of London.

The white women who came with them were, as far as he knew, their wives. It was left to his own wife, who also gave evidence, to make the picturesque suggestion that unmarried white girls who came to the café were "courting" the black men!

Kitten further swore, on oath, that there had never been a fight in his establishment. He had never heard any complaints made by his neighbours, and the café was, in fact, run in a perfectly respectable manner.

This, in spite of his later admission in court that he had been convicted at Bow Street for permitting disorderly conduct at the café and for knowingly harbouring prostitutes.

Mr. Birkett was able to nail his lies, for under cross-examination, Kitten admitted knowledge of an assault on a police-constable, for which a man named Moore had received six months' hard labour, after which he had continued to use the premises.

Turning a blind eye

He could not deny that two years previously the same man had been convicted for assaulting Mrs. Emily Kitten herself, and that the door had not been closed upon him.

With one deadly proof after another that Kitten must have known all there was to be known of the disreputable characters of so many of his clients, he became desperate.

Was it suggested, he cried, that it was his business what they did? So long as they behaved themselves in his café it had nothing to do with him. *If a man had committed a murder in Liverpool was he expected to prohibit him from coming to his café?*

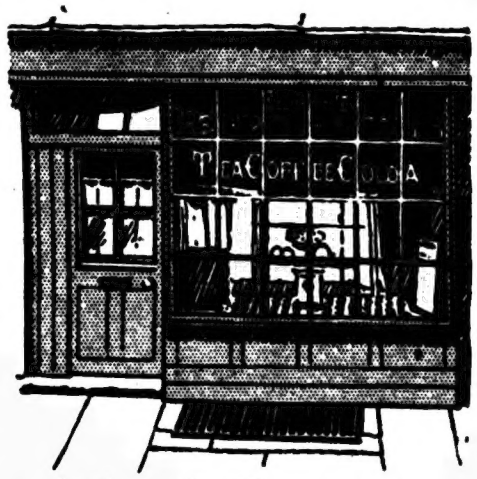
Our best witness

Kitten, it will be seen, was our best witness.

Not that we had any need of his damning confessions. Had he brazened out all his falsehoods, we had still a number of reputable and honest men who could swear to more than we were called upon to prove.

There was Mr. G. Bracewell Smith, a member of the L.C.C. and the Holborn Borough Council, who is managing director of Park Lane Hotels, Ltd., the company which owns the well-known Shaftesbury Hotel.

Mr. Smith stated that he had constantly complained to the police, that patrons of the hotel, including Members of Parliament and other persons of the highest standing, had been forced to leave because of Kitten's disreputable clients, and in effect he said it was the most disgusting place he had ever known.



A sketch of the Kitten Café, from a recent photograph

Mr. Thackeray, a respectable tradesman who had lived in the neighbourhood for twenty-three years, told of dreadful scenes.

A tragic sight

The court was particularly moved by his description of how a young white girl was carried out of the café unconscious in the arms of a black man, who after propping the limp and fragile creature against a wall, disappeared into the place.

It was left to the ambulance to bring aid to this poor victim of Kitten's clients.

And there was still the evidence of the police. Sergeant Goddard, of Vine Street, a famous West End officer, was able to prove that the majority of the girls were between fifteen and eighteen and that the majority of the men *lived on their immoral earnings.*

Only a few weeks before, in the company of Inspector Franklin, who also gave evidence, he had seen a young girl who could not be more than sixteen go into the café and return with a black man. She had opened her purse and given him money. He protested that it was not enough and she was forced to hand the brute more. She returned to the glare of Shaftesbury Avenue.

Detective Sergeant Pearce declared it to be the worst meeting-place for thieves in London, and that he had arrested many of them.

The judge's hint

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CLOSE UP THE BLACK CAFÉ!

THE JURYMAN AND "JOHN BULL"

Judge's Striking Comments

Mr. Justice Avory, who tried the Kitten case

WE have fought and won before Mr. Justice Avory a libel action of which we are distinctly proud. It was a remarkable action because of the gravity of the charges which we felt bound to make in the interest of public morality, and because of the mendacity and shamelessness of the plaintiff.

We found occasion some time ago to criticise a coloured man named James Kitten, the owner of a café in Great White Lion Street, Soho.

We said that the café was a rendezvous for coloured criminals of every description, that day and night alike crimes and murderous assaults were planned there by the frequenters and that Kitten himself had no respect whatever for law and order.

These were strong words. They could hardly have been stronger, but we knew that they were more than justified. We had in mind the histories of many broken white women dragged down to infamy and shame.

Kitten issued a writ for libel against us, and we were more than willing to meet him in open court.

Denials and admissions

There were specific charges to justify relating to men who had lately left the premises and who were regular customers.

Mr. Norman Birkett, K.C., who represented the proprietors of JOHN BULL, had little difficulty in so doing. The facts of these cases, relating to brutal fights in which white women were concerned, the cowardly wounding of a police officer, and the traffic in drugs could not be denied.

Proof that Kitten himself was cognisant of the character of the criminals was a different matter.

His clients, he said, were for the most part coloured seamen who used his café as a place of call when in the Port of London.

The white women who came with them were, as far as he knew, their wives. It was left to his own wife, who also gave evidence, to make the picturesque suggestion that unmarried white girls who came to the café were "courting" the black men!

Kitten further swore, on oath, that there had never been a fight in his establishment. He had never heard any complaints made by his neighbours, and the café was, in fact, run in a perfectly respectable manner.

This, in spite of his later admission in court that he had been convicted at Bow Street for permitting disorderly conduct at the café and for knowingly harbouring prostitutes.

Mr. Birkett was able to nail his lies, for under cross-examination, Kitten admitted knowledge of an assault on a police-constable, for which a man named Moore had received six months' hard labour, after which he had continued to use the premises.

Turning a blind eye

He could not deny that two years previously the same man had been convicted for assaulting Mrs. Emily Kitten herself, and that the door had not been closed upon him.

With one deadly proof after another that Kitten must have known all there was to be known of the disreputable characters of so many of his clients, he became desperate.

Was it suggested, he cried, that it was his business what they did? So long as they behaved themselves in his café it had nothing to do with him. *If a man had committed a murder in Liverpool was he expected to prohibit him from coming to his café?*

Our best witness

Kitten, it will be seen, was our best witness.

Not that we had any need of his damning confessions. Had he brazened out all his falsehoods, we had still a number of reputable and honest men who could swear to more than we were called upon to prove.

There was Mr. G. Bracewell Smith, a member of the L.C.C. and the Holborn Borough Council, who is managing director of Park Lane Hotels, Ltd., the company which owns the well-known Shaftesbury Hotel.

Mr. Smith stated that he had constantly complained to the police, that patrons of the hotel, including Members of Parliament and other persons of the highest standing, had been forced to leave because of Kitten's disreputable clients, and in effect he said it was the most disgusting place he had ever known.

A sketch of the Kitten Café, from a recent photograph

Mr. Thackeray, a respectable tradesman who had lived in the neighbourhood for twenty-three years, told of dreadful scenes.

A tragic sight

The court was particularly moved by his description of how a young white girl was carried out of the café unconscious in the arms of a black man, who after propping the limp and fragile creature against a wall, disappeared into the place.

It was left to the ambulance to bring aid to this poor victim of Kitten's clients.

And there was still the evidence of the police. Sergeant Goddard, of Vine Street, a famous West End officer, was able to prove that the majority of the girls were between fifteen and eighteen and that the majority of the men *lived on their immoral earnings.*

Only a few weeks before, in the company of Inspector Franklin, who also gave evidence, he had seen a young girl who could not be more than sixteen go into the café and return with a black man. She had opened her purse and given him money. He protested that it was not enough and she was forced to hand the brute more. She returned to the glare of Shaftesbury Avenue.

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WHERE IS KATHLEEN?

MISSING GIRL—TRAGIC STORY

Mother's Pathetic Appeal

We publish below a heartrending appeal we have received from the parents of a missing daughter. We know our readers will help us to bring happiness again into a sorrow-stricken home

THERE is a young girl now hiding somewhere far from home to whom we appeal most earnestly, should she read these lines, to return to her heartbroken mother. Her name is Kathleen Ellis, of Cleethorpes, near Grimsby, and she is not yet eighteen years old.

The circumstances of her disappearance are unusual. They take us back some eighteen months, when her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Ellis, were in a fair way of prosperity, being the owners of a refreshment-booth on the sands.

A frequent client in the summer of 1925 was a young man who was known to them by the name of Colquhoun, but who at other times, as it transpires, has used the names of Maxwell and Abbott.

The helping hands

Not long afterwards, the young visitor was unfortunate enough to fall foul of the police and in consequence to go down for a year in the less salubrious air of Strangeways Prison, Manchester. While there, he corresponded from time to time with the Ellis family.

By this time, they had met with a severe reverse, for the booth on the sands had been completely wrecked in a September gale.

Possibly because of their own misfortune, they were inclined to sympathise with their pleasant young friend who had fallen from grace and they replied to his letters.

He asked for help and, as he appeared penitent, they promised to do what little they could. They were as good as their word.

Three or four months ago, Colquhoun returned to them after completing his sentence, and although Mr. Ellis had been out of employment for some time and was attending hospital, they agreed to provide him with shelter and to share what little they had with him, until such time as he was able to find honest employment again.

There are three girls in the family and they all resolved that they would do their best to help the ex-prisoner to go straight.

Misplaced confidence

He became particularly friendly with Kathleen, and the fact that she was only seventeen and an innocent and light-hearted girl, perhaps caused the parents to be a little less watchful than the circumstances called for.

They found that their confidence in her had been misplaced. One afternoon a few weeks ago, Kathleen went out to pay a call at an office in Grimsby, a weekly errand which she made on behalf of a friend of the family. The young man went with her.

She had been her usual happy self that morning, singing as she worked with her mother in the kitchen. The tragedy that was to follow was the last thing on earth that poor Mrs. Ellis dreamed of.

Kathleen did not return at her usual time. Neither did the young man who had accompanied her. Afternoon wore on to evening and evening to night, and there was still no sign of the girl.

A terrible vigil

All night through, the father and mother sat up, waiting in vain for the familiar footfall. The morning came, but not Kathleen. They reported the matter immediately to the police, though hoping against hope that on Kathleen's part it was simply a girlish escapade and that she would soon return. But long days passed and still there was no word. Nor were the Cleethorpes police, who had circulated the description of the missing girl, able to find any trace of her.

Miss Kathleen Ellis

Kathleen has brown hair, brown eyes, a fresh complexion, and is 5 ft. 1 in. in height. She is a well-built girl, looking perhaps a little older than her seventeen years

If she has looked for work on her own account, domestic service is the most likely direction in which she would find employment.

We appeal most strongly to our readers to communicate with the Cleethorpes police should they have any clue to her whereabouts.

A heartbroken appeal

If she is shown this extract from her mother's letter to us, we do not think she will delay her return:

"We are heartbroken and beside ourselves how to act. If only we could get a message to her, we would forgive her for whatever folly she may have committed. We have not been to bed since she went and have kept the door unlocked and a light shining every night and all night, in case she should come home."

Since the young man known as Colquhoun, Maxwell or Abbott was the last to be seen in her company in Grimsby, and since he has not come forward to throw any light on the manner of her departure, his description is useful.

He is 5 ft. 3 in., has black hair and has an artificial right eye.

If he knows where Kathleen now is, it is his duty to tell her distracted parents without one hour's delay. He has received nothing but kindness at their hands and his debt to them is very heavy.

THE RIVER OF GOLD!

A BOG FOR PLUNGERS

Fine Fun for Fenn

THIS is a time of wonderful mining propositions, and wonderful tales are associated with them. The promoters having launched one scheme and departed, return later with even more enchanting yarns

A NEW company, known as Hapo (Peruvian) Explorations, Limited, has just been registered by a "hardy adventurer" for the purpose of acquiring certain mining concessions, etc., in South America.

Its nominal capital is £50,000, and 100,000 shares are at present being offered for sale at 10s. apiece. This capital, declares an enthusiastic circular, "is considered quite sufficient" for the company's objects.

The concessions referred to are said to embrace "historic mines," and, apart from the "gold winnings" from these mines, the company intends to make a large profit on the resale of "the many kilos of alluvial gold recovered by native Indians" who pass through the company's concessions, and who will readily exchange their precious metal for goods and merchandise.

What is lacking

Notwithstanding the optimistic boasts about "enormous riches," the prospectus of Hapo (Peruvian) Explorations, Ltd., has not been commented upon with favour by financial experts in the general Press.

It is said to "lack essential details and independent reports by recognised engineers," and, in these circumstances, caution is advised.

But the mere lack of essential details is not the only reason why investors should exercise caution. Behind this offer lies an amazing story of adventure, and the issue of the present prospectus may, perhaps, tempt some of the inexperienced, but will most certainly fail to attract reasonable folk.

For the self-styled "hardy adventurer" who has promoted Hapo (Peruvian) Explorations, Ltd., is none other than John Fenn, who a year or two ago was inviting the public to subscribe to what he termed his "Peruvian Gold Expedition."

At that time he was merely asking for £5,000, and offering to repay £1,000 for every £5 subscribed, commencing within twelve months.

A stirring story

The story he then told was simple, yet stirring. He had been sent to Peru to look for rubber-trees and had found gold instead! He had seen it! Handled it! A native who dived to the river-bed with a knife had scraped up a £5 nugget straight away.

"I do not send other people to get the gold," he declared in an address to subscribers. "I go myself at the head of my own expedition. This is *my* chance in my life time and *yours*, too."

We issued strong words of warning at the time, but Fenn's optimistic talk turned the heads of people in all parts of the country, and he was able to leave for Peru, backed by trusting souls who hoped to see the hardy adventurer come back in twelve months' time with a good slice of the £1,000 for every one of his £5 supporters.

John Fenn has come back all right, but with a demand for a further £50,000, which he considers "quite enough" to acquire certain gold-mining concessions *belonging to himself!*

An alarming journey

With his new prospectus he sends a four-page circular with the bright heading "John Fenn's Greetings," and which opens with the observation that he announces his return from Peru with great pleasure.

Then he breaks the great news that he is able to declare a dividend of 25 per cent. on his first year's work, and describes it as "an exceedingly good result for the initial season."

Most of the circular is taken up with a highly coloured account of Mr. Fenn's journeys in Peru. "Our Muleteer Guide," he writes, "a brigand of the most pronounced type, pretended to know a way across the mountains, and confiding ourselves to his care, we followed him."

Apparently, the route chosen by "the pronounced brigand" was "fearfully threatening," "awe-inspiring," and swept by "wind, hail, rain, thunder and lightning."

In recalling his experiences, Mr. Fenn loudly laments the fact that he scales 15 stone and 7 pounds! "Poor me!" he moans.

Poor Mr. Fenn, indeed! What about his original supporters who backed him in his £5,000 venture in the belief that he was going out to get the gold that he had "actually handled"?

A philanthropic publisher

A dividend of 25 per cent. may have been declared, but we cannot advise the recipients to be encouraged.

Supposing they rally to Mr. Fenn's second call and back his second attempt to the extent of £50,000, will the hardy adventurer come back after a judicious interval to ask for £500,000? We see nothing to prevent him!

Another point of interest in the present venture is that all Mr. Fenn's printed matter has been executed by Henry Joseph Drane, of Colchester.

Drane is one of those philanthropic publishers who encourage inexperienced authors to pay him to give their efforts the dignity of print, sometimes with the result that the authors are left disappointed and out of pocket.

We do not know whether he encouraged Mr. Fenn in the publication of his present flamboyant circulars. But we do know that the extent of his own faith in Mr. Fenn's project is evidenced by the fact that he himself has taken up, at any rate, one 10s. share!

CRUEL UNEMPLOYMENT HOAX

A WARNING TO JOB-HUNTERS

Miners for China?

UNEMPLOYED miners in South Wales have just been cruelly disappointed by a gentleman who has suddenly disappeared after holding out hopes of lucrative positions abroad.

They were first attracted by advertisements which appeared in the "Situations Vacant" columns of various South Wales newspapers.

Those who got into touch with the advertiser were immediately favoured with a circular letter from a Mr. J. W. Lawson, of Clarendon Road, Holland Park, London, W., who described himself as a "mining and consulting agent."

This letter informed applicants that Mr. Lawson had been requested by two Chinese mining companies, which he represented, to appoint "a number of practical men with satisfactory mining experience" to accompany him on his return to China.

Mr. Lawson then explained that he had deemed it expedient to reduce the number of applicants to a reasonably curtailed list, but, in spite of the fact that there were only sixteen vacancies, we are able to state that Mr. Lawson told a great number of people who answered his advertisement that they had been included in that "reasonably curtailed" list!

Attractive offers

Applicants were further told that it was desired to complete the party as speedily as possible, and "selected candidates" were requested to send a covering fee of £1 as a guarantee of the genuineness of their application.

"Immediately this is received," wrote Mr. Lawson, "prompt steps will be taken to verify the accuracy of your application, and you will then, subsequently, be notified of the result."

An accompanying leaflet set forth particulars of the vacancies in question.

The Ching Shing Company of Shantung was said to require six miners and four timbermen, while the Lio Ho Kou Company, of Honan province, was said to be in need of four miners and two timbermen.

The terms of engagement and wages were decidedly attractive and the duties simply confined to the supervision and instruction of native labour. Miners were promised £40 a month plus a bonus on output that would bring their yearly salary up to well over £600. Timbermen were to receive £42.

Applicants were also requested to complete an imposing blue form consisting of twelve questions relating to health and previous mining experience.

We do not know how many miners have sent their pounds to Mr. Lawson in the expectation of landing lucrative positions.

A mysterious guest

One unfortunate miner who tramped up to London called upon the "mining and consulting agent" in vain. Mr. Lawson was not to be found, and his landlady could give little information of his possible whereabouts.

It appears that Mr. Lawson was something of a mystery boarder from the first.

He arrived at the Clarendon Road boarding-house late one evening with nothing but a suit-case. He produced no references, but paid a fortnight's rent in advance.

He took no meals at his lodging, but explained that he had an office in the City. Almost immediately after he had booked his room a heavy mail began to arrive daily, but the landlady had no suspicion of what was going on.

Then, on February 5, the mystery lodger departed, somewhat vague as to his movements, but hinting that he might possibly be going to Newcastle. He did not think he would return.

Might be back!

Asked what should be done with his mail, Mr. Lawson observed that he did not think there would be any more, though it is extremely interesting to note that, in the circular letters sent out from Clarendon Road, he gave the closing date for applications as February 15.

Many of his circulars were actually sent out on the day that he departed from his lodgings in Clarendon Road!

As he was in the act of leaving, Mr. Lawson turned to say that he might, perhaps, be back again on the 10th, but when told that he must pay a deposit to reserve his room he murmured that he would take his chance.

Extraordinary as it may seem, Mr. Lawson has not returned so far, nor has he communicated with his landlady since leaving, but letters from South Wales miners have still been pouring in.

On making enquiries, we find that the two mining companies mentioned in Mr. Lawson's circulars certainly exist, but if Mr. Lawson is acting for them, as he says, his name does not figure in the Chinese Year-Book either as the English agent or in any other capacity whatever.

Herbert Smith, President of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, who should earn his salt wages at this time of house

Enquiries at the Chinese Information Bureau in London throw no light on this matter, while a Chinese authority on mining matters points out that it is extraordinary for a Chinese mining company to recruit labour in England when skilled Russian labour is near at hand.

A cruel mystery

What is the explanation of Mr. Lawson's behaviour? If he only desired sixteen miners, why has he told others, considerably in excess of this number, that they have been "specially selected"?

It is, surely, a little hard when the competition is so keen to expect so many people to contribute £1, and then to disappear suddenly and leave everything in the air?

A FILM JOB-FAKER

VERY FLIMSY CONTRACTS

"Touching" the Actors

A FEW weeks ago a popular comedian was visited by an impressive individual named W. E. Allison-Booth, who expressed himself a warm admirer of the comedian's art.

He was lavish in his praise and declared that the comedian was just the man he wanted for a series of new talking phono-films, as his facial expression and voice seemed particularly adapted for such work.

Mr. Allison-Booth claimed to be working in conjunction with a West-End variety agent with the highest reputation, and he made an appointment to meet the comedian at this agent's office.

Laying the trap

The meeting subsequently took place and Allison-Booth suggested a contract for six short films at a fee of £15 for each one.

In the course of the discussion he mentioned the name of a producing company, well known and respected in the film world, and fixed a date for the comedian to attend its studios.

On the following evening he called at the theatre where the comedian was appearing and laid the contract before him, duly signed by himself. He then suggested a further contract for the comedian to appear with a partner in two special films, with a fee of £25 for each.

This second contract was likewise signed, and in the course of subsequent conversation Mr. Allison-Booth produced two songs which he himself claimed to have written.

A kind offer

The comedian quite liked the songs and was promptly offered permission to sing them free of all charge.

Then, quite casually, Mr. Allison-Booth pointed out that band parts would be necessary, and he very kindly offered to get these done for a sovereign by a person who held a position in a well-known band.

Unsuspectingly the comedian willingly handed over his pound, and from that moment has never set eyes upon Mr. Allison-Booth again.

He was struck by the fact that the latter had gone to a remarkable amount of trouble to obtain a paltry pound, but on making enquiries he learnt that he had escaped lightly.

A string of victims

In the first place, the West-End agent, whose office Allison-Booth had shared, had been quite taken in by the latter's plausible tales.

He, too, had believed that arrangements were on foot for the production of the phono-films with the well-known producers.

But when he approached this firm he found that the whole thing was apparently a figment of Mr. Allison-Booth's vivid imagination!

Further enquiry disclosed the fact that another gentleman was still more anxious to trace the whereabouts of Mr. Allison-Booth.

He was an artiste who had been told by the missing agent that he was in touch with several big American producers who were shortly coming to this country to make films.

His plausible manner carried so much weight that this gentleman was so far misguided as to advance about £19 to Mr. Allison-Booth who, in spite of the fact that he boasted such a wonderful connection, seemed surprisingly short of funds.

As a natural course of events, when the smooth-tongued Mr. Allison-Booth failed to reappear, enquiries were made at the boarding-house where he had been known to reside.

Here it was discovered that the unfortunate landlady had herself fallen a victim to Allison-Booth.

When he had first arrived he had produced a letter-heading, giving the address of the West End agent whose office he shared, and the landlady deemed that satisfactory reference.

Plausible put-offs

At first Mr. Allison-Booth paid his week's bill, but when the landlady presented her next bill he put her off and murmured something about expecting a cheque from America.

When he disappeared she was nearly £4 out of pocket.

So, somewhere or other, there exists a pleasant-mannered gentleman, a most convincing talker, and an imaginative thinker, whose chief failing would seem to be a disturbing absence of mind!

A Strange Society

Methods that Puzzle Us

WHAT are the exact functions of an organisation styled the Workers' Protection Society, which gives its head office as Nevill's Court, Fetter Lane, E.C.?

According to its printed matter, it offers its members free legal advice and assistance in cases of injury by accident, libel, divorce and debt collecting; but its methods in conducting the various branches of its philanthropy are somewhat puzzling.

It would seem, for instance, to tout for new members in a rather curious manner.

Its usual procedure is to wait until a person meets with an accident and then to pounce upon him while he is likely to be in an appreciative frame of mind and ask whether it can act on his behalf in the matter of compensation.

Painful carelessness

In this connection it would seem that the society sends out its circulars without discrimination, and we recall one instance a year or two ago, when its carelessness was shown by the fact that it sent its stereotyped circular addressed to a person who had actually been killed in an accident.

Apparently, the name had simply been lifted from a newspaper and the circular sent out before any trouble had been taken to verify the details.

In a more recent case the society favoured an injured man with a circular letter opening: "One of our agents informs us that you have met with an accident. We suppose you have heard of this society, which is established to deal with such cases as yours."

The sufferer was urged to place the matter in the society's hands, and it would do its best to recover compensation for him. There was nothing to pay down beyond the nominal membership fee of 1s., but the society proposed to retain 10 per cent. when the case was settled.

The better way

In this case the society gained its new member, its secretary, Mr. T. G. Sandell, calling to explain matters.

The member was introduced to a firm of solicitors which took up his case, and in due course he received a cheque for compensation through them.

In the interim he had seen nothing of Mr. Sandell of the Workers' Protection Society, but before he had had time to pass the compensation cheque through his bank the society's secretary appeared to demand his 10 per cent.

He feels that a society that purports to undertake recovery of legal claims, but which actually has to pass that work on to a solicitor, is superfluous.

We agree. People who have the misfortune to meet with accidents would surely be better advised to act through their own solicitor rather than in the roundabout and mysterious manner above described.

DOCTOR'S STUPID MUDDLE

PATIENT WHO WAS FORGOTTEN

A Case for Enquiry

THE circumstances surrounding the illness of Mrs. E. J. Eburn, of Lingham Street, Stockwell, are such that an immediate enquiry seems desirable.

Mrs. Eburn was taken ill on January 20, and a local medical man diagnosed pleurisy and bronchitis.

On the same evening she gave birth to a child, and as arrangements had already been made for her reception in a maternity home, a lady doctor from that institution was immediately summoned.

After making a thorough examination, the latter expressed the opinion that Mrs. Eburn was threatened with pneumonia.

She further advised the patient's removal to Lambeth Hospital, and handed Mr. Eburn a note to the relieving officer to this effect.

This was in the morning, but when Mr. Eburn approached the relieving officer he was informed that it would be necessary for the patient to be seen by the parish doctor before being admitted to the infirmary.

After a conference between the three doctors it was decided that the patient could not be moved at the moment.

An anxious suspense

The parish doctor, therefore, took over the case and gave the husband a note to the relieving officer to have a nurse from the district nursing association sent in.

The next day, his wife was visited by a different doctor, while a day later, the original parish doctor turned up again!

The latter ordered the baby's removal to hospital and, apparently at the husband's request, stated that he would see that the mother was given a morphia injection to ease her and cause her to sleep.

Hours ticked wearily by and Mr. Eburn began to grow extremely anxious at the non-arrival of a doctor. At last he could bear the suspense no longer, and decided to telephone to the hospital.

Mr. Frank Briant, M.P.

Imagine his amazement when he was informed that a doctor had visited another house in Lingham Street, and *had actually given a morphia injection to another patient.*

On the following day it was yet another doctor who arrived to see Mrs. Eburn, and, of course, he was unaware of what had taken place.

The climax came on January 27, when Mrs. Eburn passed away. At the time of her death the district nurse, who came only for a few hours each day, was not present.

What is the explanation of this curious state of affairs? Mr. Eburn, who is left with four children, has been unable to obtain any satisfactory explanation.

Though the case was a hopeless one and a morphia injection would hav made no difference to Mrs. Eburn's chances of life, there are certain other aspects which must be taken into considreation.

It is freely acknowledged that the doctor visited and treated another patient, and the only excuse that has been tendered to account for this almost unbelievable mix-up, is that the second patient was the late Mrs. Eburn's sister, whose condition also merited an injection.

An extraordinary mix-up

It is true that both women were resident in the same street, but one resided at No. 19, while the other's address is 23.

It is hard to believe that these numbers could be confused and, in any case, the sister's name is Pheney, and whilst there was some resemblance in their ailments, Mrs. Pheney had no baby.

Mrs. Pheney's condition may, undoubtedly, have merited an injection, but why did not the doctor return to Mrs. Eburn as promised?

An injection would at least have been instrumental in mitigating her suffering, and it is difficult to understand, why, when a doctor was at a house only a few doors away, he should have omitted to call on what transpired to be a more urgent case.

If it be possible, even in the stress of an epidemic, for such a thing to happen, it is surely desirable that this particular case should be made the subject of careful enquiry in order to discover where the real fault lies.

And, when this is discovered, steps should be taken to render a repetition utterly impossible.

A VERY SAD SONG

A LESSON FOR BEGINNERS

The "Snappy Song Lyric"!

A GENTLEMAN who describes himself as a "popular composer," is at present advertising for known and unknown authors to submit "good snappy song lyrics," with a "view to arranging music for immediate publication."

One earnest author, ss who answered this advertisement got into touch with Mr. Ken Kennedy, of Windyridge, Westgate-on-Sea, sending one of her efforts for the composer's approval.

Mr. Ken Kennedy expressed himself willing to supply a complete and original music setting, ready to submit to publishers, for the inclusive fee of three and a half guineas, and offered to refund this fee if the writer was not delighted or if she failed to secure an offer from a publisher.

Lucky authors

In conclusion, the composer drew attention to the fact that big money is earned by successful song-writers.

Thus encouraged, the young aspirant was prompted to fall in with the composer's suggestions, but lack of funds presented an initial difficulty.

Mr. Ken Kennedy agreed to accept payment of his fee in instalments, remarking: "Your song undoubtedly possesses considerable merit and, if given an opportunity, should earn big money for its writer."

A freezing reply

So, terms were agreed upon, and in due course Mr. Kennedy delivered his completed setting.

He also suggested four music-publishing firms to which the number might be submitted.

The first publishers promptly returned the effusion.

The next publisher wanted the author to pay him for undertaking the risk of publication, and flatly informed her that the privilege of print would cost her £22!

Of course, so far as Mr. Kennedy is concerned, his part of the contract has been fulfilled. He has supplied the setting, the author has expressed he self pleased with it, and an offer—even if it is an unsatisfactory one—has been made by a publisher.

But, on perusing the song, we find grave reason to doubt the sincerity of Mr. Kennedy. It runs:

> "Christmas is coming along by and by,
> You ask the piggie now in his sty.
> We are fattening the ducks and the turkeys
> We don't care if we feel lean after no no not we.
> So let out your belt and open wide your purse
> For we don't care a fig if we only get some togs."

"Consderable merit"!

There are several other verses and a chorus to this song which Mr. Kennedy alluded to as possessing "considerable merit," and as "just the type at present in demand."

There are numerous people of Mr. Kennedy's kidney who make capital by encouraging inexperienced young writers in this way.

Apart from the fact that they raise false hopes, it is exceptionally mean to take money from them in such circumstances, and the whole practice cannot be too strongly condemned.

WHILST thousands of our fellow-men are living on the border-line of starvation, the authorities must hang their heads in shame. And for the Church to stand silent is as great a crime. Thank God some of her members are waking up!

My Brother's Keeper!

by the Rev. C. B. ROACH (*Priest-Vicar of Southwark Cathedral*)

IN Sir Charles Booth's great work on the "Life and Labour of the People of London," he stated, as the result of his enquiries, that just over 30 per cent. of the population were living in poverty.

And, although his book was first issued nearly thirty years ago, anyone who is familiar with the conditions of the working-classes to-day, especially the most poorly paid of the working classes, would assert that, although there has been considerable improvement as the result of State insurance and old-age pensions, yet the grinding poverty of a great number of workers, both male and female, is a glaring and horrible fact.

In "London's Underworld," Mr. Thomas Holmes described conditions which still exist. And yet England is a very rich country. It could not pay £800,000,000 in taxes if it were not.

But the inequality of the distribution of wealth has always been a feature of civilisation, and still is. Must it always be so? Are the people who do the dirty and very necessary work of the world always to receive such a small and inadequate share of the wealth which their labour creates?

A rotten foundation

In Mr. Rowntree's book "Poverty," he asks, "Why is it that in this land of abounding wealth one-fourth of the population are living in poverty?" And he states, "No civilisation can be sound or stable which has at its base this mass of stunted, human life."

It is easier, however, to state facts than suggest remedies. Even allowing for the poverty which is the result of improvidence, there still remains an enormous mass of poverty for which the poor themselves are in no way responsible. It appears to be the result of wrong social and economic conditions.

Can these conditions be changed, or are they as unchangeable as a country's climate? I believe that these conditions can be changed, and that where there's a will there's a way.

The first duty, then, of a good citizen is to acquire this will, and it should be the first duty of the Church to create it. Every parish priest who is not blind knows that poverty causes grave moral problems.

Overcrowding, which is the result of poverty, is a most prolific cause of vice. Children are brought up under conditions which make decency almost impossible. Disease of body and disease of soul are among the direct and horrible results of overcrowding.

Poverty is a soul-destroying thing, and as such, the Churches have a great responsibility in this grave matter. The moral problems created by poverty are so undeniable that a religious body that is indifferent to the subject can be not unjustly said to have lost its moral enthusiasm and its love of souls.

A staggering fact

But whenever a parish priest calls attention to the urgency and importance of this great problem, the first people to protest against the mention of such subjects in the pulpit are the wealthy members of the congregation.

If the parish priest has courage, he will risk offending the wealthy members of his congregation; if he is a timid and safe man, he will probably remain silent. And he knows that people who pay the piper claim the right to call the tune. It requires a good deal of apostolic courage to say to the rich, "Thy money perish with thee."

But things are stirring. In 1918, the Archbishops' Committee of Enquiry issued a report called "Christianity and Industrial Problems." Let me quote a passage:

"Poverty is imperfectly apprehended if it is considered only in terms of money. It should be interpreted in terms of health and sickness, house-room and overcrowding, education and ignorance, happiness and endless mental anxiety, life and death.

"It means that of the children born into the world 110 per thousand die on the average under one year of age, over 200 per thousand in some districts, partly because of poverty, and of the conditions which poverty creates.

"It means that thousands of working-class parents pay nearly one-fifth of their income in rent, and then cannot obtain the house-room needed for health and decency. It means that women work who should be at home, and children work who should be at school.

"It means that many working-class families after years of labour have not the savings to meet a month of sickness or unemployment, cannot afford to take a holiday, to visit a relative, or to buy books, and fear nothing so much as the loss of employment which will cause their low earnings to cease altogether."

But this is not the whole of the picture. The same report states that there are over one million children of school age so physically defective or diseased as to be unable to derive reasonable benefit from the education which the State provides. Is this condition of things compatible with the spirit of Christianity or in which a Christian community ought to acquiesce?

In the twelve-volume C.O.P.E.C. Commission Reports the problem of poverty, its causes and results, are exhaustively discussed. The Bishop of Manchester was the chairman of C.O.P.E.C. and its inspiring genius. C.O.P.E.C. stands for "Conference on Christian Politics, Economics and Citizenship."

I merely refer to these and to the Archbishops' report to show that if the Church of England is neglecting the great social problem of poverty, it is not for lack of leadership or information.

An unjust division

What then can the Church do? Some would say, Leave the thorny problem alone; it is no concern of the Church. This is to argue that the attitude of Dives to Lazarus was right. But this is not what the parable suggests! Neither private charity nor State assistance go to the root of the poverty problem.

It appears, therefore, that the first step towards the solution of this great social wrong is for the Church to preach and teach that a living minimum wage should be the standard by which wages are to be regulated.

How inequitable the present distribution of the national wealth is may be seen from the following figures, taken from Mr. Chiozza Money's book "Riches and Poverty," 1905.

He estimated that out of a total national income which was then about £1,710,000,000, persons with less than £160 a year, numbering with their families 38,000,000, received £880,000,000; persons with incomes between £160 and £700, numbering with their families 3,750,000, received £245,000,000; persons with incomes of £700 a year and upwards, numbering with their families 1,250,000, received £585,000,000. That is, 5,000,000 people take nearly as much as 38,000,000!

Such a distribution of wealth is not only inequitable, but unjust. The demand of the workers for a minimum living wage is merely a demand for justice. And is justice no concern of the Church?

Two further causes of poverty are unemployment and casual employment. There are over a million unemployed in England to-day. The State and the guardians have done much to alleviate the distress and destitution of the unemployed.

The Rev. C. B. Roach, who has set an example to his fellow Churchmen by studying the awful conditions under which thousands have to exist

But, says the C.O.P.E.C. Report, "there is no more pressing and urgent problem to which Christian people should devote themselves than the devising of some means of securing for all an opportunity to work."

A national scandal

Not only do Labour representatives, but such a prominent industrialist as Sir Allan Smith, urge that great works of national importance should be taken in hand to get rid of the vast mass of unemployment which is a financial drain on the country, and which is demoralising to the unhappy victims.

Other causes of poverty are sickness and ill-health and old age. Intemperance and other vices also assist in the creation of poverty. A large amount of ill-health is caused by bad housing, by insufficient nourishment, by the pollution of the air through noxious fumes, and by a number of other causes, *all of which could be removed.*

The medical officer for Greenwich, Dr. Annis, states that 80 to 90 per cent. of the children are rickety at the age of two! Investigation has proved that over ten million people in England live in poverty.

Penalised by poverty

Poverty causes an immense amount of preventable sickness; it causes physical as well as moral deterioration; it causes much needless suffering to men, women and children; it is one of the chief causes of prostitution. The child of poverty is penalised from birth.

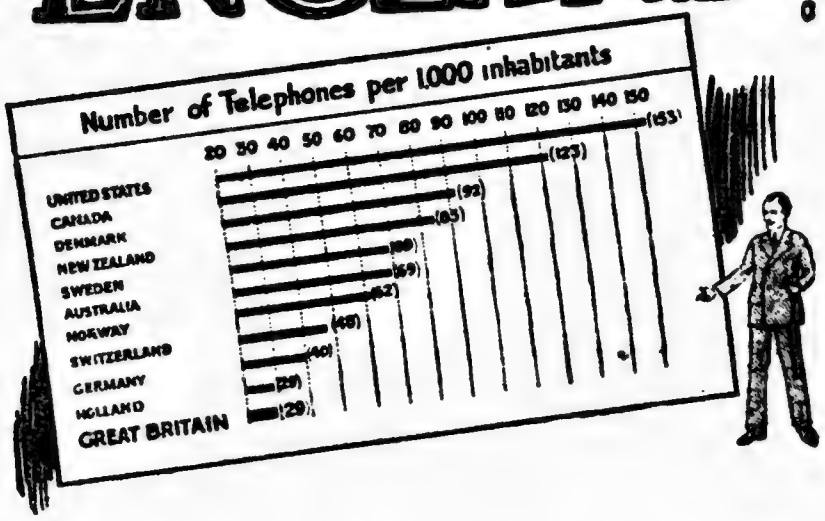
The Church cannot be indifferent to that which causes such a great amount of moral evil. Public opinion must be educated and stirred up. Pulpit and Press must work hand in hand. To-day, many of our poor hardly know what it is to live; they just exist.

But, says the psalmist, "The poor shall not always be forgotten." And if a preacher wants a text, he can find it in Christ's words, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

God forbid that the Church should evade its responsibility in the matter of poverty, and excuse itself in the words of Cain, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

The answer of Christ to this question is "Yes."

RING UP, ENGLAND!



THE above chart graphically depicts the astonishing fact that no less than nine other countries possess more telephones, per 1,000 of the population, than we do.

RING UP, ENGLAND! SAY IT BY TELEPHONE!

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How does he do it? Make no mistake—his food is largely responsible for his fitness. The working man eats plain, simple food, and it is plain, simple food that counts. Shredded Wheat is a good example of such a food. *More Shredded Wheat is sold in working-class districts than anywhere else.* Prove to your own profit that there is nothing better to work on than a pure, wholesome natural food like Shredded Wheat. Make it your daily breakfast dish No cooking necessary.

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PRATT'S

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To Lt.-Col. the Rt. Hon. Sir SAMUEL HOARE, Minister for Air.

DEAR SIR,—I heartily agree that British pilots and British machines are the best in the world. You have just completed a 10,000-mile journey in a civil machine, and you have flown with the utmost regularity and safety. This security in civil aviation renders all the more glaring the continued toll of life taken in the R.A.F., and I trust you will give the matter grave attention.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir A. STEEL-MAITLAND, M.P., Minister of Labour.

DEAR SIR,—Are you aware that Welsh girls in the Pontypridd district who have refused work in canteens on Salisbury Plain are denied unemployment benefit. Canteen work there stands in a different category from other employment, besides which it means a great distance being put between the girl and her home. Unless you see to it that this arbitrary ruling is altered, I can foresee the loss of many supporters of the Government in the district concerned. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Earl BEAUCHAMP, K.C.M.G., Belgrave Square, S.W.

MY LORD,—In hitting out for national economy you take good care to strike at the right spot. No one with a spark of sanity left in his composition thinks we can afford the persistent increase on armaments. Very pertinently you ask, "Of whom are the timorous admirals afraid?" Of whom, indeed? That is what not only you but the taxpayers who must keep tipping the piper want to know. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Lord HALDANE, F.R.S., K.T., Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.

MY LORD,—You hit the right nail on the head when you declared that although China is divided and in a state of civil war the one thing that would unite her would be interference in her internal affairs. We must treat China as an independent nation, negotiate with her on that footing, and a settlement will be reached. The distinctly pacific Speech from the Throne admits of no other interpretation. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ARTHUR PUGH, Iron and Steel Trades Confederation.

DEAR SIR,—You say that the hesitation of workpeople "to adopt arbitration as an alternative to open conflict" is due to want of confidence in the existing machinery for the peaceful adjustment of disputes. In short the workers, speaking generally, would rather arbitrate than fight if they could be sure of a square deal. You have given the Government the straightest "tip" it has had for some time. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. MAURICE FFOULKES, Magistrate, Barnstaple.

DEAR SIR,—When an application came before you for an order against a defaulting ratepayer, you refused to sign on learning that a distress warrant would follow. The man's wife and children would be the real sufferers, you said, wherefore you preferred awaiting the decision of the High Court affecting such cases. A man who can pay but won't deserves little consideration; to hound down one who has merely been unfortunate is sheer barbarity. JOHN BULL.

To the POLICE FORCE, Birmingham.

GENTLEMEN,—Your action in raising a fund to supply the poor threadbare kiddies in your neighbourhood with boots and shoes meets with my cordial approval. That you should have seen suffering on your beats and undertaken in this way to alleviate it proves you worthy of the name by which I address you. You are, in deed and truth, kindly gentlemen. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. HARRY SMITH, Lowestoft.

DEAR SIR,—You carry the proud title of the man who in 1926 performed the "bravest deed of the year." As mate of the steam drifter *Sarepta*, you sprang into the water when Alfred Marjoram was swept overboard during terrible gales, and held and supported him. You are not very old, but you have already set the pace for a very worth-while life. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. E. J. SHAW, J.P., Walsall Police Court.

DEAR SIR,—When a poor man who had been working with a lorry from 4 a.m., appeared before you, clad in dirty overalls and a scarf, you informed him that he ought not to come into a court of justice so dressed, and ought to have risen "early" in order to change his clothes. This is worse than pomposity; it is harrying the face of the poor, and magistrates who indulge in such pastimes, should themselves be fined.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. MATTHEW RANKIN, Greenock.

DEAR SIR,—I esteem you for loaning £6,000 for five years at 2½ per cent. to further the slum-clearance movement. In addition, you and your sister have each given £1,000 for the advancement of housing schemes. If only our millionaires would take proportionate action, what a happy and healthy nation the British might become!

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GEORGE TITT, Manchester City Council.

DEAR SIR,—To say, when discussing flag-days, that "there is no more despicable object on the city streets than a young woman dressed almost in a bathing-costume pinning roses on doddering old men" is to offer an insult to many women who have given both time and strength in a genuine effort to help the suffering. Nevertheless, constant "flag days" are an intolerable nuisance, and I should like to see them abolished in favour of better methods. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. R. J. HALL, Greenwich Union Institution.

DEAR SIR,—Bedfast and 101, yet on your birthday you sat up cheerily and led the laughing nurses in a jolly bout of singing. That's the spirit. A merry heart goes all the way while a sad tires in a mile! If everybody, young and old, had half your happy spirit the world would be a very different place. JOHN BULL.

To R. GREER, Dunn Street, Paisley.

DEAR GREER,—Going about your daily job of telegraph messenger, you saw a terrified horse with a coal lorry attached run away in Renfrew Road. Taking in the situation at a glance, you tore after it on your bicycle, three times crossed in front trying to check the animal's wild career, and finally, with a nerve unequalled as a stunt, climbed the lorry while throwing your machine clear, and pulled the horse to safety. You deserve the gratitude of the town for preventing a serious smash. JOHN BULL.

Straight from the Shoulder

DEAN INGE:—"Is it humane to bring fresh crowds of children into the world when there are no vacant seats for them at the national table?"

Which puts the whole case for the Church remoring its silly strictures on the teaching of sane birth control.

* * *

MR. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.:—"Generally speaking, the most effective agents for industrial peace are trade union officials."

The wish is father to the thought. The most effective agents are the common-sense thoughts of the rank and file.

* * *

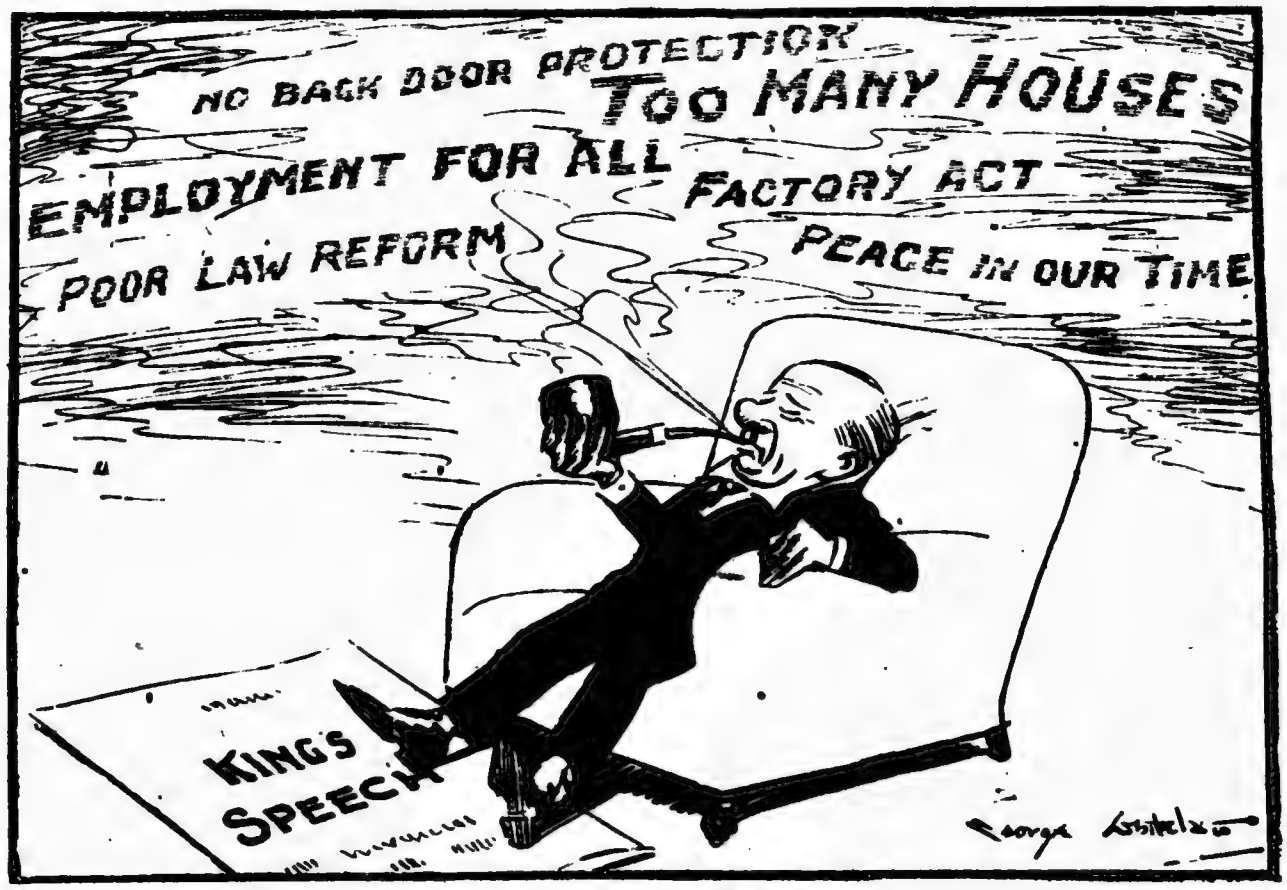
SIR EDWIN STOCKTON:—"Business will not come if we merely sit at our desks waiting for it."

Nor if we refuse to move with the times and manufacture what customers want rather than what we think they ought to have.

* * *

CAPT. H. MACMILLAN, M.P.:—"There is danger in continual talk of peace in industry; it suggests that the normal state is war."

Mere sophistry. When people want war they talk WAR, and when they talk peace they WANT peace.



A PIPE DREAM

MEDICAL INFORMATION for cranks

How to Use Cigarettes Specially Made to Prevent Mumps

Take the cigarettes, soak thoroughly in water, wrap carefully in hot towel, tie round throat, hold mother's hand—and WAIT

When you're tired—

Smoke

Westminster

Cigarettes

W.E.36

Without Fear or Favour—*by the Editor*

THE CRUEL TRUTH

A Crying Need

HIS Honour Judge Bairstow gives it as his opinion "people out of work should not bring actions unless they can pay for them if they lose."

On the face of it, there is something to be said for that contention. The maxim that "the loser pays" works with reasonable fairness upon the whole, and a defendant exposed to a frivolous action at the hands of a penniless plaintiff has a legitimate grievance.

But there is another side to the question. Is a poor person to sit down under any kind of oppression, to forgo every right and endure every wrong, for fear of an adverse decision on purely legal grounds?

In the High Court some attempt has been made to solve this ticklish problem. There is a Poor Persons' Department, now controlled by the Law Society, where poor persons' claims may be sifted, hopeless actions disallowed, and, where court proceedings appear just and necessary, professional assistance provided free of cost.

It is a flaw in our legal system that no similar machinery exists in the County Courts.

Except in divorce proceedings, it is seldom that a poor person needs to resort to the High Court, yet in the County Courts which have jurisdiction to try all disputes involving less than £100, there is no vestige of help or guidance for persons without means.

Boasts of equal justice are hollow while this anomaly continues. There would be far fewer ill-advised and ill-fated actions by poverty-stricken litigants if expert legal counsel was at the disposal of needy applicants to the County Courts.

Harpies!

IT is one of the drawbacks of the House of Commons that comparatively few Members know what real poverty means, except by hearsay.

The majority fail to realise what is happening to thousands of our people compelled to pay extortionate and shameful sums to harpies who are reaping rich harvests from sub-letting rooms.

The fleecing of the poor by putting a few miserable sticks into a room and calling it "furniture" gets worse.

Tumble-down property, almost devoid of woodwork, which was purchased at Bradford, and let off in rooms, yields a profit of 110 per cent.

The "furniture" of one room was two cups and saucers, one knife, two forks, two plates, a couple of ornaments and a biscuit tin!

Some landlords make a big yearly profit on gas by charging 2s. per week per tenant for a miserable supply.

A house for which the owner gets £90 per annum brings the profiteer who sub-lets £320 a year.

The gold providing this easy way of living is bleeding white those who actually need it for bread. There must be legislation, new and stringent regulations. The disgraceful battening on the necessities of the poor must end.

Old Mother Hubbard Again!

"HAS any King's Speech ever intimated more plainly than this one that His Majesty's advisers have nothing to advise His Majesty about?" So said Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. The facts lend emphasis to his words

WE have rarely read a King's Speech of recent years which betrayed such a lamentable lack of legislative ability as the one that opened the present session of Parliament.

Let us look at a few of the pressing problems any ordinary man would have considered of sufficient importance to tackle with undivided attention and a most intense determination to see through to the bitter end.

Despite all that has been done, nearly one million and a half British citizens are unable to find work. Well over two million British citizens are in receipt of Poor Law relief.

There is a definite shortage of more than half a million working-class houses—a shortage which has to be made good before we overtake even the arrears of housing left by the war.

Yet the Government does not propose to bring before the House of Commons any measure to increase employment, nor any measure to ensure the rapid housing of the people.

It has nothing to say about the demolition of the slums; nothing to propose with regard to 200,000 miners who find themselves unwanted in the mines as the result of the disastrous coal stoppage.

If this was all, it would be a sorry record indeed for a Prime Minister with an overwhelming majority at his back and a volume of legislative power that no Prime Minister within living memory has hitherto controlled. But this is not all.

In the most explicit terms a promise was given that a much-needed Factory Bill should be introduced and passed into law this session. That pledge has been broken in an utterly shameless way.

Before his election Mr. Baldwin stated explicitly that no attempt would be made to introduce Protection by the back door during the lifetime of his Government.

Yet one dose of Protection after another has been slipped up the back stairs, and one of the few concrete proposals in the King's Speech is for the introduction of yet another.

BEFORE his election, Mr. Baldwin pledged his Government to an endeavour to cope with unemployment. On January 26, 1925, the number of registered unemployed was 1,287,351. On January 24 of this year that number had risen to 1,348,700.

We could name a good many more pressing problems that cry to heaven for solution, but these are enough—and more than enough—to disclose the utter bankruptcy of ideas displayed by the present Cabinet.

Not that they are not proposing to introduce new legislation this session. They are. The principal measure coming before Parliament is the Trade Unions Bill, a measure that is more likely to intensify industrial warfare and political discontent than any that has been proposed for many years past.

Amidst all "the jungle of vested interests" through which Mr. Baldwin heroically promised to carve his way, should he be returned to power, the only one he can find the pluck to tackle is the one represented by some eight million trade unionists and their families.

WE have no wish to be other than perfectly fair to Mr. Baldwin's administration. One solid achievement and one only stands to the credit of this Government. The Widows, Orphans and Old Age Contributory Pensions Act is on the Statute Book.

This certainly is a long overdue measure, for which Mr. Baldwin can take as much credit as he pleases, but he has done little or nothing else with his enormous majority that deserves commendation.

Ever since Mr. Baldwin has been in office, he has allowed promise to outrun performance. If he is wise at this juncture, he will be master in his own house and ensure that performance at the coming session shall outrun promise.

Otherwise, he may rest assured that when next he seeks a verdict from the country he and his administration will meet a well-deserved doom.

Major the Hon. Oliver Stanley, M.P., who moved the thanks of the Commons for the King's Speech. His chief difficulty was in dealing with the proposal to amend the law regarding industrial disputes. His assumption was correct that the proposal will be extremely controversial

Checking the Life Flow

WE live in an age of conferences. Not the least important of these are consultations between leading statesmen, financiers, and industrialists, trying to find out the best means of promoting trade within the Empire.

It is a bounden duty, which we owe to all those who take their creative skill and executive ability into the outposts. Given encouragement and opportunity they alone would provide a magnificent market for home products.

This is what all are agreed upon. But all are not yet agreed upon the best means of bringing it about. This is a pity, because the means are simple.

With the outstanding example of America before us, there is no difficulty in finding them out. America occupies an immense area of the earth's surface.

This area is composed of a number of smaller States. These States find their best customers within themselves.

Like the British Empire, America makes a bid for world markets. But she has worked on sound principles over a long period, and she is not so blind to her own interests as to choke off good markets within her own gates.

Wealth is made because commerce can flow unchecked; it is not dammed by the introduction of tariff walls.

Yet, inside the British Empire, this is what we are doing all the time. We are bound together by an absolute community of interests, we have set up an Empire Marketing Board, we use the slogan "Buy British" on every possible occasion, and then proceed to nullify the lot by the imposition of every kind of duty and restriction.

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"Dear Prime Minister"

by A. G. GARDINER

MR. BALDWIN had the whole nation with him in his prayer, "Give peace in our time." He will have the whole nation against him if he now pursues an action which will end in industrial war

Mr. F. A. Macquisten, K.C., M.P. Last year, when making an attack on trade union activities, he caused Mr. Baldwin to echo the prayer "Give peace in our time"

IF, my dear Prime Minister, I take the liberty of addressing you personally, it is because the consideration I wish to put before you can be best stated in that way. You have come, unwillingly I am sure, face to face with the toughest problem that has confronted a Prime Minister in our time. Upon your handling of it depends industrial peace and all that that involves in regard to the future of this country.

Parliament has met, and we know that the principal issue of the session will be the amendment of the trade union law. Your own instincts on that subject, I believe, are wise and moderate, but you are being urged by your more thoughtless followers to exploit the opportunity offered you to carry the war into the trade union camp and to put a strait-waistcoat upon organised labour that will make it submissive and helpless.

I am going to urge reasons against this course, which would be as fatal as it would be futile.

Why reform is demanded

In doing so, I do not deny that a case can be made out for the amendment of the law. In the light of the industrial convulsion last year, it is reasonable to doubt the wisdom of some of the provisions of the Trade Disputes Act of 1906.

I understand the objections of those who take exception to the privileges of the trade unions which place them above the law—for instance, the immunity enjoyed by the union funds from liability for the consequences of the actions of the unions, the immunity of individuals from the consequences of securing breach of contract, the absence of the secret ballot in regard to strikes, the confusion of the benefit and political funds, the use of "lightning" strikes in the public services and the abuse of the picketing privilege.

In all these matters there is much ground for legitimate public criticism and for demands for reform. In the atmosphere of the general strike most of us felt that the security of the life of the nation required some drastic modification of the law. If I question that view to-day it is for reasons which are doubtless present to your mind, but which I shall venture to stress.

A dangerous proceeding

The first relates to the practicality of legislative remedies. It is one thing to concede a right; it is a far more hazardous thing to withdraw a right when conceded. The trade unions have enjoyed the privileges conceded to them in the Trade Disputes Act for over twenty years, and the attempt to cancel or seriously modify the Act would create such resentment in the industrial world that even if it were successfully carried through the nation would lose far more than it would gain by the transaction.

That, you may say, is only a matter of opinion. But there is another aspect which is a matter not of opinion, but of fact. The remedies will not work. The immunity privilege may be theoretically indefensible; but unless you are prepared to take away the right to strike either the present law or its equivalent must be accepted.

The ballot, however superficially desirable, would achieve nothing; the division of the funds would only lead to infinite legal waste; "contracting in" for "contracting out" would not weaken the trade union position, but would strengthen it; liability for broken contracts would be met by day-to-day contracts.

The picketing of a workman's dwelling ought to be stopped, but generally the case of the non-striker must be left as now to the protection of the authorities.

In a word, a revolution in trade union law would achieve nothing but infinite discontent, an enormous accession to the political power of Labour and an irresistible demand for the restoration of the abrogated rights—and more.

What the general strike revealed

I come to the second reason for caution in this great matter. It is this. The mind of Labour itself is passing through a most critical phase. The events of last year had their lesson not only for the public but for the unions.

The general strike revealed to them an undreamed-of power on the part of the public to defend itself against a massed attack. It revealed also the fact that the responsible leaders of Labour did not believe in the weapon they were compelled to employ before their fanatical followers were convinced of its uselessness.

All this, and much more, has created in the mind of trade unionism a state of profound disquiet and self-examination.

It would be suicidal to shatter this mood of chastened thought by inaugurating a frontal attack on trade unionism. Such an attack could only have the effect of embittering feeling and sending the moderates helter-skelter into the arms of the extremists,

I can imagine that Mr. Cook and Mr. Maxton would rejoice that you were so handsomely and stupidly playing their game of forcing a revolutionary issue upon the country.

Prayer and practice

There remains another reason which must appeal to your heart as well as your intelligence. There are those who have made fun of your prayer for "Peace in our time." I have never done so, because I approve the prayer, and I believe you to be sincere. This is the time when your invocation should be not merely a pious hope but the inspiration of your policy.

The nation has passed through a terrible ordeal. We have had that worst form of war, civil war—none the less war because no blood but only treasure was spilt.

We do not want the wounds reopened; we want them healed. We want a new spirit to breathe upon the troubled face of the waters. It is in your power to breathe that spirit. An attack on trade unionism will fling the whole world of industry back into the maelstrom of war.

I dare say you may pass your Bill, but what will you have achieved? Not peace, but a passionate antagonism that will end all hopes of reconciliation and doom industry to chronic and devastating war.

I appeal to you to stand firm and to follow the instincts of your firm and generous nature against the forces that are thrusting you "over the top." Do not give us a war with trade unionism. Give us a policy of peace with reasonable trade unionism—a policy based on making Labour a partner with Capital in a common task for the benefit of the community as a whole.

Plant a seed and get a flower. Plant a kind thought and even a miracle is not impossible

Two Feet

I REMEMBER James Angus Welch when he was a medical student. I recall meeting him a short time after he had qualified, and he was all aglow with excitement. "I've just fixed up," he told me. "Where?" I enquired. "Oh, it came to a toss-up," he said, with that fascinating, boyish manner which had made him such a favourite.

Mr. Philip Inman

"I had the offer of a 'locum' in the West End or a practice in Bethnal Green—a pick between sojourning in society and slaving in the slums—and the slums had it." And for the last five years, "Jimmy," as his friends affectionately call him, has "slaved in the slums."

He was still "slaving" when I called to see him a few days ago. His small consulting-room was crowded with a score of ill-looking men and women.

"It's this influenza epidemic," he explained. "I've been working night and day for the last few months."

And he looked it. Never robust at the best of times, his face was now pallid and his eyes told of mental fatigue and bodily exhaustion.

When the last patient had disappeared, he led me into his little "den." "Now for a smoke and a chat," he said. As I stood gazing through the window at the forbidding scene outside, "A bit rough, isn't it?" he commented. And I agreed.

"You gave up the West End for this?" I enquired. He smiled, a whimsical smile. Then the tired expression vanished from his eyes, and a new light shone in them.

"Yes," he said, "and if the time had to come over again I'd make the same choice, and I wouldn't toss for it."

HE had discovered the secret of one of life's greatest joys—a work to do, bringing a wonderful contentment in the doing of it. "Man," he went on, "we're up against the real things here—poverty, squalor, vice—things which make life a hell and the doctor a vital necessity."

For over an hour he told me of the experiences which make up his life, and I knew that he meant

A Ghost in Red Rags

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

WHO are the real Bolsheviks? A few men in Russia who would like us to think what we steadfastly refuse to think, or a few men in England who would prevent us working as we would like to work?

IF you want to discredit anybody or anything in this country all you have to do is to get up on your hind legs and howl "Bolshie!" at the top of your voice.

You do not need to reason, you do not need to bring forward any evidence which would impress even a sixth-form schoolboy.

Simply shout "Bolshie!" and the thing is done. Clearly no reasonable man or woman after that can have anything whatever to do with a man or institution that was so described!

This may sound amusing, but in reality is one of the most serious things that has ever cut across the clear thinking of the nation.

I know nothing comparable to the extraordinary myth of the "Red Terror" except the equally extraordinary myth of the Russians—curious that they should have been Russians—who were supposed to pass through England in countless numbers during the war.

Nobody saw them, nobody spoke to them, but everybody knew perfectly well that they had passed through.

Have you seen a Bolshevik?

Nobody, if it comes to that, has seen a Bolshevik or spoken to a Bolshevik, beyond a mere handful of people like A. J. Cook and one or two Members of Parliament who have been for conducted tours through Moscow and Petrograd.

There must be in this country something like forty-five million people to whom Bolsheviks are nothing but a name, and who know nothing about them beyond what they read in the stunt Press or hear from the platforms of the unbalanced orator.

Yet, if one is to believe certain spokesmen of the Government the whole British nation is in imminent danger of being dominated both in thought and in action by these "Reds" they have never seen!

As I read the streams of rubbish that fill the columns of the *Daily Mail* and listen to the even more rubbishy words of responsible Ministers of the Crown who ought to know better, I am amazed at the extraordinarily poor opinion that such people have of their fellow-countrymen.

I am convinced that Lord Lonsdale was far nearer the truth when he said the other day that he was convinced that the talk of Bolshevism in this country was utter rubbish, and that there were no such loyal men as Englishmen.

Winston's wanton words

He hit the nail bang on the top of the head when he added that the idea of creating dissent was entertained as a rule by those who were trying to make themselves notorious and were not really working in the interests of the working man.

I suppose Mr. Winston Churchill would be pardonably annoyed if I were to term him a Bolshevik, but after all I should merely be in the fashion were I to do so, for it is not so many years since that he described the Tory Government of the day—or rather the Tory Party as a whole—in the following words:

"*A Party of vested interests banded together in a formidable federation; corruption at home, aggression to cover it up abroad; the trickery of tariff juggling; the tyranny of a Party machine; sentiment by the bucketful, patriotism by the imperial pint; the open hand at the public exchequer, the open door at the public-house; dear food for the millions, cheap labour for the millionaires.*"

That is what Mr. Winston Churchill said in the days when he was a good Liberal and hated the Tories even more than he now hates the Soviets.

I do not say that I altogether agree with Mr. Churchill, but I do say that one would have just as much reason on one's side in summing up Mr. Churchill as a Bolshevik as in denouncing as a "Red" and a Communist any man who seeks to remedy social evils and alleviate the lot of the poor and needy.

In fact one would have more reason, since Mr. Churchill was doing his utmost to discredit and overturn the Government of the day, whereas the people who are now condemned by the Government as Bolsheviks are merely seeking to spur on the Government to do the work for which it was returned to power.

Lord Lonsdale, G.C.V.O., who bluntly says that the talk about Bolshevism in this country is utter rubbish

A silly game

There is a strong movement, backed by the *Daily Mail*, in favour of breaking off relations with Russia. If, of course, we really are such an unbalanced nation that the mere contact of diplomatic relationships is going to mean a revolution, by all means let us break them off.

If, on the other hand, it is going to mean in the end a share of the vast trade that other countries are busy doing with Russia and thereby alleviating our terrific weight of unemployment, where is the common-sense of cutting off our noses in order to spite our faces?

In the last year or two Henry Ford has sold to Russia no fewer than 24,000 tractors. That in itself should give pause to the hot-headed illogicalities that would so willingly shut away one of the biggest potential markets that ever this country had open to her.

If we had during the past five or six years steadily developed, as we could have done, a vast trade with Russia, the Soviet would not have dared to-day to indulge in propaganda against the British Empire. They would have had far too much to lose!

As it is, they have nothing to lose, for a mere breaking off of diplomatic relationships does not hurt any country half so much as a complete cessation of trade.

The red herring of Red menace

We are dealing delicately with China at the moment because in 1925 the export and import trade between China and Great Britain was £23,500,000, and because British trade with China is third in bulk and value to Japan and America.

Neither China nor ourselves can afford to see this tremendous volume of trade stopped dead.

Had we refused to be led away by a red herring disguised as a Red menace we could to-day have been a country with overworked factories and workshops, striving desperately to overtake the ever-increasing needs of Russia.

But we have become so politically feeble-minded that we cannot resist the temporary joy of shouting "Bolshie!" for the more solid gain of industrial prosperity.

It is just another case of extraordinarily muddled thinking. What on earth has trade to do with politics?

It is not the first time that we have foolishly allowed our politicians to hamstring industry for the pleasure of riding their political hobby-horses.

...t of Paradise

In Sunshine Alley

by PHILIP INMAN

it when he said, "I wouldn't change places with the King's physician." "Come along," he said, "and I'll take you to see one of my pet cases." And as we walked along he told me the story of Mrs. Buckland.

"UP to a few months ago," he started, "she was the best-hated woman in the court, and she looked what she was, a degraded sot. It was Flossie who made all the difference to her." Flossie was the girl with the racking cough and courageous spirit whose story I told last week.

"In spite of her dissipation, the old 'buck,' as all her neighbours rudely called her, had one virtue, an almost unnatural love of flowers. She lived in the next room to Flossie, and one night on returning in a particularly quarrelsome mood, she found some flowers had been planted in her old and disused window-sill box.

"Poor devil! that gift stood for a good deal in her wasted and barren life. She had probably forgotten, if she ever knew, what a bit of kindness meant, and when she found out who had made the gift, I believe she nearly cried her eyes out.

"A day or two later somebody noticed that Mrs. Buckland had put up clean curtains, and when she was spoken to about it, she replied, 'It's the garden wot's done it. I couldn't see them flowers through dirty winders, so I set to and did a bit of washing for a change.' And ever since then she has transferred her affection from drink to flowers."

"But how did you come to know about her?" I enquired, and he told me that when Flossie was buried, Mrs. Buckland, although she was turned seventy, insisted on going to the funeral. The day was bitterly cold and she waited at the cemetery for over an hour.

"Two days later she started with pneumonia, and for a week her life was despaired of. But she's almost better now," he said, "and in another day or two she will be off my hands."

We turned into the narrow courtyard where she lived, and a moment later we had passed into her room.

THERE will remain with me for a long time two memories of that visit. I shall see the tender solicitude of a young doctor who might have been sojourning "in society" for a patient who, not long since, had been despised and bedraggled. I shall hear the tone of her voice and see the light in her eyes as she said, "Y're looking tired. Lemme get up and make yer a cup of 'ot milk."

Flossie little knew what she did when she planted those few flowers in that old window-box.

The best breakfast for the working man

Quaker Oats is the energy breakfast. It starts the day right. It stands by you all the morning. A Quaker breakfast never lets you down.

Quaker is delicious. Made from the finest sun-ripened oats, the rich flavour of the grain is retained and developed. No other oats taste so good.

Quaker cuts down housekeeping bills, too. Penny for penny and pound for pound there is more nourishment in Quaker Oats than in any other food.

There are two kinds of Quaker—*Quick* and Original. The *Quick* cooks in 3 to 5 minutes—"quick" as boiling an egg.

Quaker

TWO KINDS NOW

Quick Quaker and Quaker Oats

Your Grocer has both kinds—choose the one that suits you best

A FLAMING SHAME

THE BLACKEST BLOT OF ALL

The Maiden Tribute of Modern Slumdom

NO one needs convincing that the housing shortage is undermining the public health. The physical havoc is too obvious for denial. Stunted forms, disfigured, disease-ridden bodies, faces stamped with wan and hopeless misery, are the living indictment of the neglect which robs many thousands of our fellow countrymen of Nature's simple boons of sun and air.

The Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, Minister of Health

What is not so generally realised is the extent to which the house famine is debasing the moral texture of the nation. Crimes and vices, base, brutal and repellent, are being bred like a noxious fever in the filth and squalor of the slums.

It was stated recently, upon the authority of Mr. David Arlott, the eminent housing expert, that in the metropolitan borough of Marylebone 5,000 people were living under conditions of "gross indecency."

Let anyone who imagines that this is a mere figure of speech inspect the sanitary and sleeping accommodation to be found in this overcrowded area, to say nothing of the blacker slums, and then ask how any child can learn the elements of decency, any girl defend her modesty, in the promiscuity of these huddled dens.

An unholy sacrifice

Here and there rare flowers of virtue spring from this poisoned soil, but we have no right to expect such moral miracles. The day-to-day pressure of a foul environment is too much for average human nature. House men and women worse than beasts and too often you will degrade them below the level of beasts.

The unnatural intimacies of tenement life are bearing their fruit in the ruin of young lives.

From one end of the land to the other the innocence of childhood, the modesty of maidenhood, are being sacrificed to the greed of the ground landlord, to the neglect of Governments, to the apathy of us all.

We make these grave statements upon the unquestionable authority of two Departmental Committees whose reports, "presented to Parliament by command of His Majesty"—one for England and Wales, the other for Scotland—are before the public.

These committees, presided over respectively by Mr. J. C. Priestley, K.C., and Mr. J. A. Fleming, K.C., were charged to enquire not into the housing problem, as such, but into the question of grave moral offences against children and young persons.

Unanimously they were forced to the conclusion that these two questions were, in fact, inseparable. Indeed, both the committees were convinced that, apart from cases of "moral insanity," or of original depravity so pronounced as to call for medical treatment, the housing shortage was the pre-eminent cause of these moral disasters.

Terrible instances

The first of the reports, that for England and Wales, states this conclusion in the following uncompromising terms:

> We have heard from one witness after another that the present shortage of houses, resulting as it does in great overcrowding in bedrooms, tends to cause sexual immorality of all kinds. The inadequacy of sleeping accommodation is a known cause, . . . and the presence of lodgers, limiting still further the accommodation, has led to assaults on young persons.
>
> If adolescent boys and girls are compelled to use the same bedroom they may lose the self-respect and sense of modesty which ought to be their great safeguard in facing the temptations of life. It is impossible to exaggerate the harm which may be done to the morals of young people by the conditions under which many of them have to live to-day.
>
> "We cannot refrain," the report continues, "from quoting a few of the many cases brought to our attention, both from town and country districts, which show the connection between overcrowding and the problem before us."

The Rt. Hon. Sir John Gilmour, D.S.O., M.P., President of Scottish Board of Health

Three of the cases cited are as follows. We print them without embellishment or comment:—

Case of indecent assault by a father. The young daughter slept with her father, brother of seventeen, another family, and lodgers, all in one bedroom.

A widow lived with eleven children in a two-roomed house in a wretched locality. One of the daughters, aged fourteen, gave birth to a child and two of her brothers were convicted of incest.

A respectable father and mother living with ten children in a one-roomed cellar dwelling tried to reduce the overcrowding by sending three of their little girls to board with a neighbour and his wife. Later the neighbour's wife had to be taken to hospital and her husband outraged two of the three children.

"These cases," adds the report, "speak for themselves." Speak for themselves! They shriek aloud with shame and horror.

If we turn to Scotland things are no better, as the second report plainly proves. According to the census of 1921, over 12¼ per cent. of the population of Glasgow live in single apartments, and an additional 50 per cent. in houses of two apartments.

In one case brought to the notice of the committee a single convenience was used by thirty-five people!

"It is certain," says their report, "that few people realise the closeness of the connection between bad housing and the offences with which we are dealing."

It continues: "Many parents find it impossible to prevent their children from contamination, owing to the circumstances in which they are compelled to live. Yet some do, and we are told that perhaps a majority of parents in the slum areas are able to preserve decency."

A striking statement

Perhaps a majority able to preserve decency!

Under what difficulties may be gathered from the following instances, which again we quote without comment, other than the committee's own statement that they are "neither of them extreme or uncommon."

A widow, a boy of sixteen, and two girls of twelve and nine respectively, lived and slept together in a room 9 ft. square.

Six persons, father, mother, two daughters of twenty-one and eighteen, and two sons of seventeen and eleven, lived and slept together in one room. They were obviously trying to make the best of their conditions.

A box-bed in a recess served at one end for the father and the boy of eleven, at the other end for the mother and the younger girl. A folding-bed was used by the elder girl and a bed-chair by the elder boy. But even with these arrangements proper reticence and decency were impossible.

Compare this:

A mentally defective girl of fifteen lived in a one-apartment house with only one bed, in which she slept along with her mother and her brother of twenty-one. Both she and a girl who had stayed with them in the same house gave birth to children of which her brother was the father.

In another case a room and kitchen accommodated four men, four women, and four children, aged from two to eleven. At night the men slept in the room, the women and children in the kitchen.

Hypocritical reticence

We offer no apology for publishing these facts. It is altogether wrong that these damning documents should be pigeon-holed and forgotten. It is right that we should be shocked and shamed.

Some day there will be a terrible awakening. Not the frothings of agitators, but the festering sore of slumdom, is the menace from which this proud Empire has the most to fear.

Froth Blowers—
Attention!!

Don't miss the Froth Blowers' Number of "The Passing Show" on sale February 18.

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to introduce the new 1/- tube of Vinolia Shaving Cream

One of these Darwin Cobalt Steel Rustless Edge Razor Blades, worth 6d—*a blade to fit your own type of razor!*

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Have you ever heard of such value?

A tube of the world's most refreshing shaving cream—all-British Vinolia—at this new price of 1/-. And with each tube you buy you receive *free* one sixpenny Darwin Razor Blade—the world's longest-lasting, smoothest-shaving blade—the *all-British* blade.

Darwin Rustless Edge Blades are made of the new cobalt steel—especially to give not one but many delightful shaves.

Vinolia Shaving Cream and Darwin blades are each making thousands of new friends every day. Together, they have been found, in actual use, to constitute the perfect shaving combination.

Each man who "tries" Vinolia Shaving Cream tells his friends: "*This is the cream you should use for shaving*"

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Make a start to-day for better shaving—with this most refreshing of *all* shaving creams.

This offer is for a limited period only!

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C. N., Welbeck St., London, W.1, writes:

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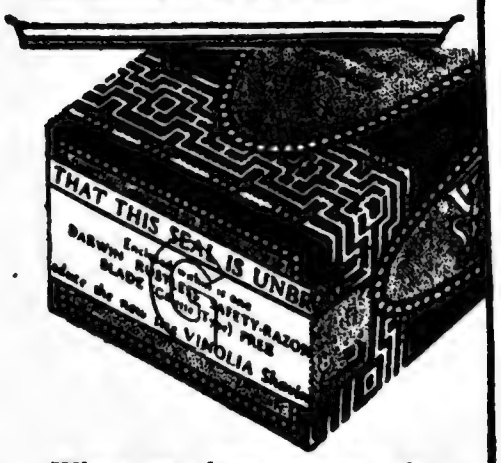

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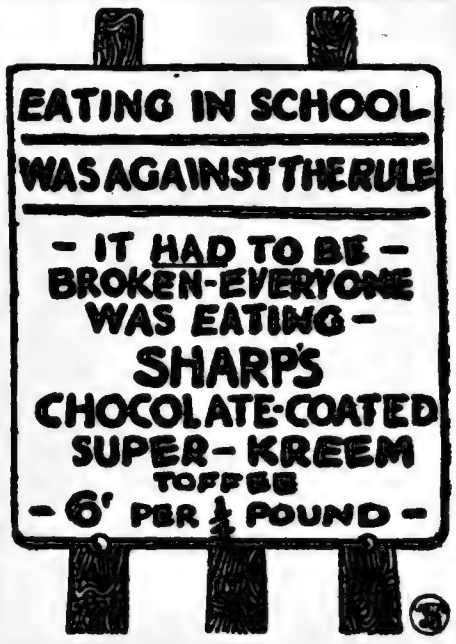

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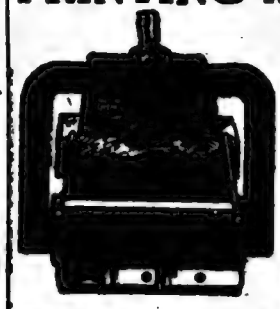

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THE "ADANA" AGENCY (Dept. JU33)
Printers should write for particulars of new system of supplying First-Class Founders' Type.

A KING OF CHARLATANS

HUGE HYPNOTIC HOAX

An Arrant Humbug

AMERICA is a land of remarkable movements, cults and societies, but it would be difficult to find any stranger body than that known as the Progress League, of Union Square, New York.

The Progress League, Inc., of America, is its full title, and the names of its vice-president and secretary are given as Williard K. Jameson and A. L. Koss.

It was organised, we learn, to assist men and women in all walks of life. It claims to be a director of life and to show people "how to balance their account of efforts with success and happiness."

A bunch of "keys"

In a leaflet now before us we find one column devoted to extracts from "leading American newspapers," and, almost without exception, these extracts have nice things to say about a gentleman named E. S. Prather.

E. S. Prather, we read, is a "well-known psychologist." He has accepted the presidency of the league and is going to instruct its members how to grow mentally, having had a wide experience of such work in America and Europe.

Amongst other things the Progress League provides its members with "Unity Success" keys, one key for each month of the year. These "keys" are short phrases upon which members are urged to concentrate at the "day's high hour of success, twelve o'clock, noon."

Here is a typical "Unity success key": "Triumph is at hand. I am not alone now. Thousands of minds vibrate in the thought Success. Health and happiness are becoming assets of each member of the Progress League."

An old friend

For the moment we are not concerned with the Progress League and its strange doctrines, but we are interested in its president.

For Elmer Sidney Prather has been known to us for many years in the name of Elmer E. Knowles, and his record affords a truly amazing story of humbug.

In 1912, for instance, he was president of another strange cult known as the "Psycho Success Club," then housed in St. Nicholas Avenue, New York, but whose operations extended to various parts of the Continent of Europe.

He next came to London and blossomed forth as the National Institute of Sciences, with headquarters at Westminster Bridge Road.

We quickly afforded him publicity in these pages, denouncing him as a "humbug hypnotist," and, finding London too hot to hold him, he crossed over to the Continent.

Still retaining the impressive title of the National Institute of Sciences, he established himself in Brussels, with offices in the Rue Londres.

He now settled down to work in real earnest, and by means of an extensive advertising campaign, soon attracted ignorant clients from every part of the world.

Hypnotism and kindred subjects continued to be his stock-in-trade, and he produced various pamphlets, booklets and devices for sale amongst his ever-growing clientele.

He also extended his activities in another direction by opening up the

Elmer E. Knowles

Roxroy Studios at The Hague, where a bearded sage, known as Randolph Roxroy, made it know to the world that he had bought up the remaining stock of books, courses of instruction, birth stones, etc., from Professor Elmer E. Knowles and others who had given up their business in London.

Needless to say, Randolph Roxroy was merely a convenient channel for Elmer Sidney Prather, alias Elmer E. Knowles, in disposing of his miscellaneous rubbish, which included such intellectual items as a "Lovers' Guide," "Lucky Stone," "Roumanian Dream Book" and a ninepenny "Mystic Oracle."

A useful sideline

Early last year Elmer E. Knowles found it convenient to abandon the title of "National Institute of Sciences." But he still occupied his Brussels office and carried on as the "Psychology Foundation."

At about this time he started doing a brisk business with a curious device known as the "Radio Hypnotic Crystal." He had dabbled in a similar side-line during his operations in London, but on that occasion the "crystal" was far less pretentious.

It was then a tiny tab, stamped from a thin sheet of metal, but with his increasing fortunes Knowles designed something more elaborate.

The crystal which he sold from Brussels consisted of a hollow, white-metal disc, filled with some dark powder, and provided with mica panes and a short handle.

Characters in stock

These he purchased for a shilling or so and sold for £2 apiece, pointing out to innocent clients that the cost of production was "very heavy."

On occasion, however, he so far unbent as to reduce his price to £1!

This trumpery device was claimed to be of great assistance to "thousands of students, producing that passiveness and equanimity of temperament so essential in overcoming nervousness."

Another side-line of the indefatigable professor is the "Graphological Delineation" of character from handwriting.

We do not know how many people have had their characters "read" by Mr. Knowles, but it would seem that the learned seer employed exactly six stock "characters" for coping with this branch of his business.

Elmer E. Knowles is the author of numerous pamphlets and booklets on subjects of psychology, but close examination of these works leads to surprising discoveries.

In a yellow pamphlet entitled "Mental Science and Mind Mastery" Knowles speaks of the "four cardinal attributes, self-reliance, fertility of resource, fearlessness of responsibility and power of initiative."

By a strange coincidence Mr. Harold Begbie, writing in "Harmsworth's Self-Educator," made exactly identical observations, save where Knowles wrote "Cardinal" Begbie wrote "Nelsonic."

Curious coincidence

In the same way, in a booklet on "Character Building, Self-Analysis and the Development of Will-Power," Knowles writes of man with the will as follows: "Though hungry he may refrain from eating; nor does this matter, whether his motive be the fear of indigestion or the knowledge that he is depriving another."

On referring to "Harmsworth's Self-Educator" we find no less a person than Dr. C. W. Saleeby echoing the same sentiments, save that where Knowles wrote "Though" he wrote "When."

We rather fancy we have said enough to show that we were not far out when we dubbed Elmer E. Knowles "the humbug hypnotist."

But, humbug or not, there is no doubt that this wily American has prospered considerably in foisting his impressive bunkum upon an ignorant public.

We have mentioned that his advertisements find their way to all corners of the world.

We can only hope that advertising managers here will not allow him to put "the fluence" on them!

Saints and Sinners of Hollywood

Further startling Revelations in "The People" next Sunday.

There are hundreds to choose from—all sizes, all prices. There's one, however, which will please you most and that is the Decca. It's the leading "portable," and you'll like it more than other gramophones because, while it has the tone and volume of large and expensive cabinet gramophones, it is so small, light and compact that you can carry it with easy anywhere. And you can now get a genuine Decca from 57/6.

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"One of our children caught a chill last Christmas Eve and became quite feverish," writes Mr. Rawson, 24, Stuart Street, Luton, Bedfordshire. "We rubbed Vick brand Vapour-Rub thickly on her chest and it worked like magic. Instead of passing a restless night and giving us an anxious Yuletide, she slept well and was her own lively little self in the morning. So we all spent a 'Happy Christmas.'"

Mothers especially like Vick brand Vapour-Rub for children's colds because there is dosing to upset little stomachs.

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Vick brand Vapour-Rub contains such old and trusted remedies as menthol, eucalyptus, camphor, thyme and turpentine. Released by the body-warmth, its medicated vapours attack the cold-germs in the air-passages, loosen the phlegm and ease the difficult breathing. Their soothing, comforting effect begins at once and enables the patient to sleep. At the same time, the vapour-rub has a rubefacient effect on the skin and helps the vapours inhaled to break up the congestion. This double, direct action usually checks even the worst colds by morning.

Price 2/6 jar; trial size, 1/3.

"Just rub it on" VICK BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

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"Every Picture tells a Story."

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USE Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. These strengthen and tone the kidneys and soothe the urinary tracts, thereby relieving and preventing backache, rheumatic pains, and bladder troubles. They have been successful in numerous cases of dropsy, rheumatism, cystitis (inflamed bladder), sciatica, gravel, lumbago and stone formation. Ask your neighbour.

Yet Another Tribute to Doan's Pills.

On 8th November, 1912, Mrs. E. Dodd, 76, Hamilton Road, West Norwood, S.E. 27, said: "I was a cripple with backache and bladder weakness, for quite two months. There was a gravelly sediment in the excretions. My head was bad, the ankles swelled with dropsy, and my eyes were puffed.

"But Doan's Backache Kidney Pills did me good. Three boxes made me quite well."

On 22nd September, 1926, Mrs. Dodd said: "I still keep wonderfully well, thanks to Doan's Pills.

(Signed) E. DODD."

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BILAX

the laxative remedy for

Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick headache.

No binding. No griping.
No unpleasant after-effects.

Your chemist sells this effective laxative.
50 Sugar coated Bilax, 1/3 per bottle.

Made by Doan's.

Take It From Me! — *by THE ORDINARY MAN*

BUREAUCRATS and BARNACLES

Dying by Inches—Red-tape Entanglements—Melting Money—The Colour Bar

THERE have so often been reports regarding the impending demise of "Dora" that I, for one, will refuse to believe in the death of this war baby, grown into a sour and forbidding post-war spinster, until a British jury has actually viewed the corpse and returned a verdict in accordance with the evidence.

Some trusting newspapers are again reporting that "Dora" is at her last gasp, but the plain fact, as opposed to the cheerful prediction, is merely that "Jix" is appointing one of the usual departmental committees to "enquire into the advisability," etc., etc.

Appointing committees and commissions is a positive passion with the present Government.

If Mr. Baldwin discovered a stray dog on the family lawn the chances are that, instead of shooing the animal off the grass, he would, after profound thought, appoint a Royal Commission to enquire (*a*) How the dog got there? (*b*) How long it intended staying? (*c*) What were its chief reasons for being a dog?

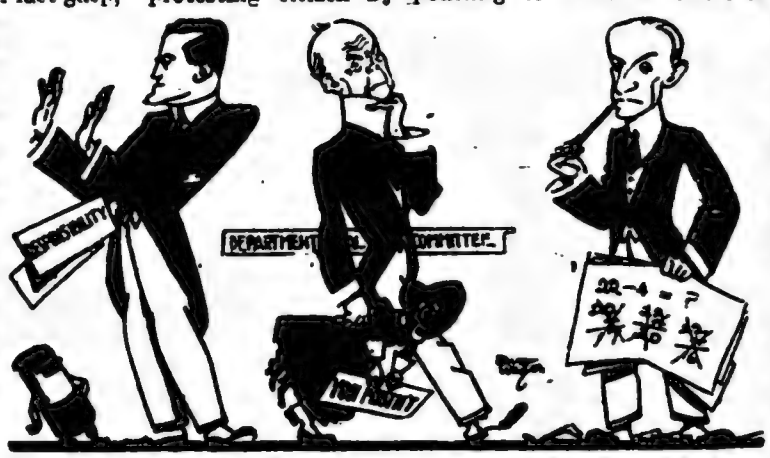
Seeing that the war is credibly reported to have finished, why set up a costly committee to advise regarding the restoration of liberties which we cheerfully sacrificed during the war, on the understanding that they would be given back to us as soon as the world had been made safe for democracy?

No less amazing than this fondness for useless enquiries is the parallel bureaucratic passion for equally useless rules and regulations.

The Government can sell taxpayers a pup without knowing more than half a dozen rules (and probably breaking the lot), but a Government servant cannot sell a tuppenny stamp without reading, learning and inwardly digesting 1,720 rules, this being the number (according to evidence given to the Civil Service Industrial Court) in the book of instructions issued to Post Office counter-clerks.

Wholesale rule-making is bureaucracy's method of protecting its higher officials at the expense of lower-paid employees.

If, for instance, a telegram goes astray, one of those magnificent panjandrums who humorously sign themselves our "obedient servants" can first silence a protesting citizen by pointing to Rule B9765 (which probably contains a reference to the P.M.G. refusing to accept responsibility) and then proceed to jump on some unhappy underling for disregarding one of the umpteen-hundred other rules he is supposed to carry in his head and brood over in the intervals of wondering how he is going to pay the grocer out of his inadequate stipend.



"A reference to the P.M.G. refusing to accept responsibility." *"Jix is appointing one of the usual Ddepartmental Committees."* *"—The weird performance of the Air Ministry."*

* * *

If these numerous regulations made for efficiency there would be some excuse for them, but in practice they do nothing of the kind. Bureaucrats, enmeshed in a cat's-cradle of red-tape, commit blunders which would earn the common-or-garden sack for departmental managers in an ordinary business.

What, for example, is to be thought of the weird performance of the Air Ministry in buying a quantity of ferro-silicon, "as a bargain," at £22 a ton, when, as the Public Accounts Committee tells us, "There is reason to believe that the identical supplies formed part of stocks sold a few years previously by the Government at £4 a ton"?

There is also an astounding story (unearthed by the same useful committee) of how the Government made an erroneous repayment of excess profits duty to the tune of £8,000 and then failed to recover it!

Fewer rules and a good deal more horse sense are crying needs in the upper branches of our bureaucracy.

* * *

While on this subject of over-regulation and too many rules, I should like to award the wheaten loaf for futility to a correspondent who has written to the *Times* in a pained tone of ink protesting against what *he* calls "the improper use of ties and other garments manufactured in club and regimental colours."

"Go where you may," he snorts, "individuals are to be met wearing colours to which they are obviously not entitled," and he forthwith demands—what do you think? Precisely! you've guessed right—more regulations, or, as he puts it, "effective restrictions."

It's already a sufficiently 'ard world in which a God-fearing citizen can never be certain that he is not transforming himself into a criminal by purchasing a cigarette or a sardine at the wrong moment without one running the risk of arrest for wearing (say) a blue-and-black necktie, which happens to be the colours of Eton, upon whose playing-fields (you may possibly remember) the battle of Majuba Hill was lost.

The Sentence of the Court

"FREEZEBOOTERS" of OLD ENGLAND

Greed and the Grate

CHARGED with neglect of duty, Mr. Baldwin pleaded "Not guilty" in Latin, proclaimed his unswerving honesty in Greek, and assured the Court that he was a plain, ignorant man, trying to do his best.

"The charge might with equal appropriateness have been worded 'neglect of booty,'" said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "for it relates to the failure of the Government to deal with profiteering by coal mineowners, who, since the lock-out, have obviously decided that England is, for them, a land of hope and booty.

"Before the stoppage we were told by the indefatigable Mr. Gee, the Dook of Northumberland, and others that the high price of coal was due to the majestic wages paid to miners; but now miners are receiving less, coal is costing more.

"I regret that it has been found necessary to bring this charge while the Premier is engaged in trying to solve the Chinese puzzle, but this domestic puzzle, associated with the crossest of cross words, so far as disillusioned householders are concerned, also demands attention.

"Nobody anticipated that a fall in wages would be followed by a rise in prices, and if the accused wishes to secure a reputation for impartiality he must see that the sacrifices of underground workers are not used as a stepping-stone to higher dividends for 'underground engineers' acting on the time dishonoured principle of 'Where there's a chill there's a way' of fleecing the consumer."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that coal prices would come down as soon as the shortage was overtaken. Indeed, the Lancashire Coalowners' Association had already announced reductions. London, however, derived its household coal from Derbyshire, Warwickshire and Leicestershire, in which counties it was not yet possible to lower pithead prices.

"Counsel for the defence," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "omitted to explain that the reason for the reduction in Lancashire was that industrialists joined with householders in fighting the profiteers by purchasing in such small quantities that the mineowners were in danger of being left with coal on their hands. Similar action elsewhere might produce a similar result.

"Meanwhile, there is no excuse for the Government maintaining an attitude of benevolent neutrality toward exploiters who offer consumers the choice of plunging their hands deep into their pockets or suffering from chilblains.

"The Government has submitted to too much 'tomfuclery' from the coal-owners, and the public is weary both of the game of 'patience' it has for so long been forced to play and the game of 'beggar-my-neighbour' which the owners play with so much misdirected skill.

"The sentence of the Court is that the prisoner shall be deprived of the companionship of his favourite pig until he goes the whole hog in dealing with these unscrupulous 'freezebooters' who are doing their worst to render superfluous the 'grate' in 'Great Britain.'"

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GOLD FLAKE

CIGARETTES

ARE ALWAYS

fresh!

TESTED JB

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EVERY DAY, EVERYWHERE

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Grape-Nuts is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Post Toasties, Postum and Post's Bran Flakes.

What a February morning means to a G·N·B· Member..

It's a marvellous feeling! You don't mind jumping right out of bed. You remember all kinds of old songs in the bathroom. The blood seems to pound through your veins—gloriously tingling; every muscle in your body responds effortlessly to thoughts which *glide* through a crystal-clear brain. You're full of "pep." You feel like doing two days' work right away. Health? Yes! This old world's certainly worth living on!

You don't know that feeling?

Well, there's no reason in the world why you shouldn't. The bleakest February morning that ever was never damped the spirits of a G.N.B. member. It's simple. Join the Grape-Nuts Brigade and learn the Grape-Nuts secret. Which is this: apart from those very important rules of health about taking plenty of exercise, plenty of fresh air and plenty of sleep, there is another of vital importance. *Eat the right kind of food!* Correct food supplies to the body certain elements which it must have if it is to be thoroughly energetic, vigorous, healthy and strong.

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You chew Grape-Nuts. Your dentist will tell you that this will make teeth and gums healthy, because chewing is the exercise they require.

Grape-Nuts is great served with milk—or cream—and sugar. It has a wonderfully rich, nutty flavour which everyone enjoys.

Get a package from your grocer to-day and try Grape-Nuts with milk or cream for to-morrow's breakfast. Or post the coupon below and we will send you *two* sample packages of Grape-Nuts free—enough for two breakfasts, and "A Book of Better Breakfasts," by Mrs. D. D. Cottington-Taylor, A.R.S.I., the famous Health and Cooking expert. It contains delightful menus which will help you to form the habit of more healthful breakfasts. Send it now!

TESTED JB

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(Please write VERY plainly!)

—Do you know the Grape Nuts Secret?

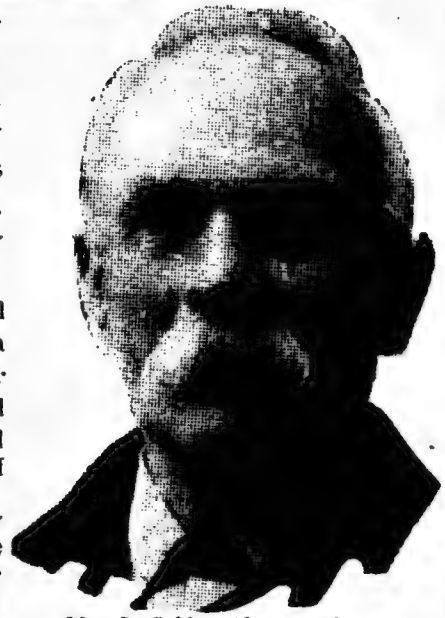
Weakening Hæmorrhoids Ended After 20 Years!

Mr. J. SELDON, 115, Bonvilstone Road, Pontypridd, says:—

"I had piles on and off for twenty years. Besides the pain and itching I got very weak through the constant bleeding. At times I couldn't carry on with my work as a tailor. I was always trying some remedy or other, but the piles were so obstinate they defied every treatment.

"I had a miserable time of it until I used Zam-Buk. I gave this balm a thorough trial and found it really splendid. Zam-Buk quickly soothed the awful itching and pain, stopped the bleeding altogether, and rid me of the distressing piles.

"Zam-Buk cured me so completely that for years now I have kept quite free from the attacks that used to weaken me so. Thanks to Zam-Buk I feel a young man again."



Mr. J. Seldon (from a photo).

Zam-Buk

Absolutely unequalled for cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, sprains, muscular pains, eczema, rashes, piles, psoriasis, bad legs, ulcers, piles, ringworm, poisoned sores, scalp troubles, sore hands and faces, etc. Zam-Buk 1/3 or 3/- box. Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap, 1/- per tablet.

"I have been Cured of Sleeplessness by Dr. Cassell's Tablets."

The value of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in cases of sleeplessness and nervous depression is clearly shown in Mr. Baggaley's statement quoted above. Such a condition indicates that the reserves of energy have been drawn upon too heavily and that the inevitable reaction has come. Dr. Cassell's do not lull and drug the nerves—they build up and restore—they nourish the nerves — improve digestion and overcome the nerve-fret which is the cause of sleeplessness.

Mr. J. Baggaley

Mr. John Baggaley, 105, Oldfield St eet, Fenton, writes:—

"I have been cured of sleeplessness by taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets and feel I must express my gratitude for the benefit obtained. For nearly a year I have retired to bed about 11 o'clock and have remained awake nearly the whole night, to find myself utterly unfit for work in the morning. I was also subject to fits of depression from which nothing seemed to rouse me. The medicines I took upon advice proved unavailing, and not until I tried Dr. Cassell's Tablets did I obtain any relief. The first few doses effected an improvement and, continuing the treatment, the trouble vanished and I was able to sleep soundly and awake refreshed and fit. I am constantly recommending Dr. Cassell's Tablets to friends, and feel sure there is not a finer medicine obtainable."

TRY THIS TO-NIGHT. Take two of Dr. Cassell's Tablets at bedtime, and note how well you sleep; how fresh and bright you wake in the morning; how fit you feel all day.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Neurasthenia	Palpitation
Neuritis	Nerve Pains	Kidney Weakness
Indigestion	Headache	Children's Weakness
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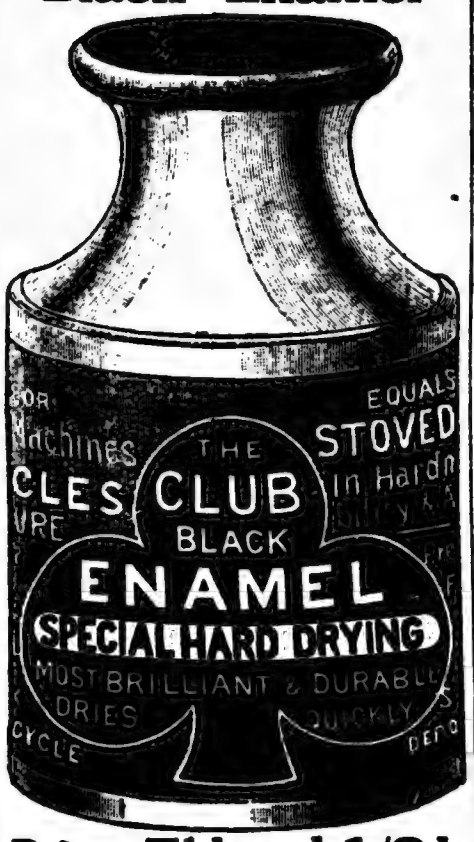
Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

1/3 and 3/- per box, of all chemists & stores.

For all household purposes

"CLUB" Black Enamel



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Trade Mark.

The new Vitamin-Seaweed tonic tablets. Based on the highly scientific principle of blood and nerve nourishment. They contain in their natural state all the elements essential for good health, such as Nitrogen, Potassium, Vitamins, Iron, Iodides, Calcium, etc., but no injurious drugs.

GUARANTEED TO RELIEVE

Headache, Indigestion, Neuralgia	5 minutes.
Flatulence, Out-of-order Stomach	10 "
Biliousness, Liver, Giddiness	15 "
Depression, Nerves, all pains	15 "
Tired Feeling, Lack of Energy	15 "
Colds, Influenza, Fever	Overnight.
Constipation, Sleeplessness	"
Rheumatism, Gout, Neuritis	Quickly.
Anæmia, Skin Blemishes	"

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We cannot, nor have we any desire to assume that the seaweed treatment will cure in every case, but we are sure that in a very large percentage of cases there will be a marked improvement in the general health. All we ask of you is to obtain a 1/3 packet of Sea-Vitoids from your chemist or by post, take the entire contents as directed, and if you are not thoroughly satisfied with the beneficial results, post us the wrapper and we will immediately refund your money and ask no questions!

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Words Winged to Women

THE RAGGED LADY'S RITZ

by **MABEL HORNER**

A NATION whose women are indifferent to the sufferings of others is a nation in danger. Women secure in comfortable homes are here invited to think upon their hapless sisters of the road and insist that kindlier help be given

IT is sometimes said to me that no woman need be destitute in this country. There is such a need for domestic helpers of every grade that any woman, young or old, if she be willing and able, can find a job of some sort.

This is a sweeping statement, and, like all such generalisations, wrong. It bears about the same relation to actual facts as that other statement we often hear, that it is impossible for anyone to starve to death in this country. In theory this is true; in practice it works out otherwise.

There are women who are born poor, weak, unfortunate and handicapped, who sink down, down, down into the very dregs of poverty. There are women in rags, with lowered physique and very little ability, who become submerged.

There are always some men and women whom no man wants to hire. Common humanity forbids that we fling such out on the dustheap to die. Some of them pick up stray coppers here and there, and by dint of self-exertion just manage to live.

A tragic need

For men there are cheap lodgings where warmth and a bed may be procured for a few pence. Until recently there has been precious little similar accommodation for women in like case.

I myself have talked with women who did not want to "go to the bad," but they were stranded, weeping in the streets, because they had nowhere to go.

Less than 10 per cent. of the total sleeping accommodation in London licensed by the County Council is available for women. There is only one casual ward for women and a few free shelters.

Mrs. Cecil Chesterton's bravery in personal investigation has aroused London to the tragic need and the thing will be remedied. But all homeless women wanderers are not in London. When they trudge the country roads, tired and footsore, covering the weary miles to a country workhouse where women have equal right with men to admission, how do they fare?

Some of these are looking for work; some are hucksters carrying wares to sell in outlying districts. All are women, with a woman's longing for home and comfort, and they lack either.

I have before me many pages torn from the book of such a life, written by a woman out of the hot bitterness of her heart in the light of her own experiences. She has lodged in casual wards not because she was investigating conditions, but because if she sheltered from the bitter weather at all it was there she must go.

Mrs. Cecil Chesterton

I cannot give this poignant document in full, nor shall I mention names of the institutions involved. But there are so many points which this poor wayfarer has brought out in her narrative that they ought to be spread before the ratepayers whose money provides these shelters.

The first thing the homeless woman who applies for admission to a workhouse for a night's lodging finds is that she is regarded as a criminal to be punished rather than an unfortunate to be pitied. No two workhouses have the same set of rules. A kindly management may allow the pet dog that shares its owner's fortunes to share the shelter; in other workhouses the admission of any four-footed friend is taboo.

There are institutions that place an embargo upon any little store of tea or sugar or cigarettes that the unfortunate may have acquired. And in the majority of workhouses the woman wanderer is not allowed to make tea!

A drop of boiling water is an impossible luxury, and there is at least one workhouse in the south where the stove has been enclosed lest the poor, bedraggled wanderers, in attempt to make a cup of tea, should set the place on fire!

Humanity disgraced

Dirt is not unknown, and the night garments supplied to the women are often horrible. In at least one case a number of women vagrants were ushered into a dormitory with a brick floor and a fireless grate, searched, stripped, supplied with a ragged garment that fell short of the knees, then ordered to walk across a stone-paved, open yard to the baths.

Few casual wards are as bad as this; many are quite comfortable. But since the poor law is a national institution uniformity is needed.

And, further, the food tickets which, in many cases, are given to the woman when leaving should be easily exchangeable at a near-by shop. In many cases she must actually go without food or trudge many miles from the track most hopeful for the sale of her wares.

The Government is even now engaged in elaborating plans for reformation of the poor law. Let such unfortunates have a bit of decency, warmth and comfort in their workhouse shelters. It is a bit of human kindliness the country can afford.

That, and uniformity of administration in all workhouses, is a point that must not be missed when the forthcoming Bill is discussed.

Sacked Through Baby

by **DORA RUSSELL**

HAS a local authority the right to tell a woman that she ought to stop at home and mind the baby? This seems to be the question raised by the recent action of the Middlesex County Council in dismissing the headmistress of the Twickenham Girls' County School after she had served them faithfully and had been teaching for eighteen years.

Dora Russell

Dr. Isabel Turnadge ought to have the practical sympathy of every married woman and mother. She is a clever woman, with extremely good University degrees. In 1923 she wanted to get married to a man who had served in the war and lost the use of one ear in his country's service.

Like most ex-Service men, he had to get another post, and his financial position was very difficult. Unless Dr. Turnadge could keep her post they could not marry for many years. The governors of the school gave their permission for her to go on working, and she therefore got married.

IN 1926 Dr. Turnadge became a mother, and she received permission for three months' leave of absence, she herself paying the extra expense that was involved in getting a temporary substitute.

When she returned to the school, to her amazement she was informed by the governors that she must resign as they considered that the responsibilities of motherhood were incompatible with her continuing at her work.

She did not resign, and the governors and council *summarily dismissed* her, paying her six months' salary out of the ratepayers' money instead of allowing her to remain during her six months' notice.

Now, a headmistress is not so poor that she cannot afford to engage a properly skilled person to look after her baby, and, after so long a time in teaching, she is probably better at that than making a baby's bottles or washing his clothes.

A man whose wife dies or a widow with no money would be allowed to work and get someone to look after the children at home. It is simply impertinence on the part of the Middlesex Council to dictate to a woman teacher about her home arrangements.

I wonder if the governors of Twickenham Girls' County School have ever considered the hundreds of thousands of women who have to go out charing to help keep their families, and can't afford a nurse? Have they ever thought about the women in the cotton areas, who do long shifts in the mill and rear large families?

There is a strong argument for endowing motherhood so that these overburdened mothers should be able to stay at home.

But to drive out our headmistresses who are earning fairly good money and who are skilled and love their work, just when they need the money for the support of the new little creature they have brought into the world, is simply helping to diminish the number of those "good stocks" that our moralists are always abusing for not reproducing themselves.

IT simply means that we drive the keen woman teacher—one of the finest of our citizens—to celibacy, a childless marriage by birth control, or secret marriages and secret immorality.

The decision of the Middlesex County Council is against the best interests of the community; it will not benefit Dr. Turnadge or her baby; it is grossly impertinent and it ought to be rescinded.

IT'S EASY TO PUT ON FLESH.

All you have to do if you are too thin and want to put on several pounds of solid flesh is to take one tablet of Blood-Iron Phosphate with each meal. This builds up the nervous system, enriches the blood, and this enables the vital organs to assimilate the flesh-building, strength-making elements of your food, which now largely go to waste. Folks who have tried it state that they not only put on flesh, but that it also almost invariably increases their strength, energy and endurance. You can get Blood-Iron Phosphate from any chemist, and included with every package is a definite guarantee of Satisfaction or Money Back, so that thin, weak, nervous, and anæmic people have everything to gain from taking Blood-Iron Phosphate. Better get a package to-day and begin to get stronger and healthier, as well as better-looking.

IMPORTANT.—Although Blood-Iron Phosphate is wonderfully effective in increasing strength and nervous energy, it should not be used by people who object to putting on weight.

CATARRH

Asthma, Head Colds,

Complete Relief Guaranteed in 24 hours by New Treatment or Money Back.

A remarkable new internal treatment has been discovered by a specialist in Catarrh diseases. It is the result of eight years' study and was carefully tested in the clinical treatment of over 7,000 cases. This treatment is now known as Dr. Platt's Rinex Prescription and is bringing relief within 24 hours to hundreds of sufferers who for years have tried almost everything without getting lasting relief. But, why be embarrassed a day longer by horrible Catarrh when speedy and complete relief is now guaranteed or money refunded? Dr. Platt's Rinex Prescription can be taken with absolute assurance no injurious after effects. Get a 5/- flask to-day. Of all Chemists or direct from the Clinical Laboratories, 46, Holborn Viaduct, E.C. 1.

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Please send me post free Dr. Platt's Rinex Prescription Booklet, "All About Catarrh."

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I offer the best and cheapest selection of high-grade Gramophones and as many Records as you like, ON APPROVAL CARRIAGE PAID. Small deposit secures immediate delivery. Write for my FREE LISTS.

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Chas. T. Robey

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THE sluggish circulation of aged persons is due to thickened or over-charged arteries brought about by heavy indigestible foods. Dr. Ridge's Food is light, dainty and wonderfully sustaining, and, because of the Scientific elimination of all harmful elements, it promotes an easy flow of invigorated blood through the system, and helps to keep Gout and Rheumatism at bay. Every person past middle life should make AT LEAST one meal per day of DR. RIDGE'S FOOD. It has a delicious flavour, and many enjoy it with baked apples or stewed fruit as a change from custard and the ordinary milk puddings. As a supper dish there is nothing better for promoting sound sleep, and being free from malt and cocoa, it will not cause biliousness.

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and the Paper

Human Documents

A Shameful Secret Marriage

The Innocent Sufferer—Mistaken Kindness—A Selfish Refusal

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"MY daughter for nearly eight years kept company with a young man and after four years became formally engaged to him.

"As her mother I naturally took a great interest in her courtship, and it caused me great grief to feel that I must interfere and discourage the engagement on account of the reports which had reached me regarding the moral character of the man in whose hands my daughter was placing herself.

"My girl was my ewe-lamb and she was at the time of her engagement as sweet and as innocent as anybody could wish. She accepted my advice and returned the ring.

"She was, however, of full age at the time and it seems that the young man who had infatuated her impressed upon her the fact that she was her own mistress in the matter and did everything he could to persuade her to marry him.

"He was a spoilt only child and although his extravagant habits made it impossible for him to provide a home for her, he promised that his parents would look after her.

"So far as I knew, she had resisted all his blandishments and she expressed a desire to go to Canada, as we have friends there, and I gladly paid her passage thinking that this would be a means of removing her from his influence.

"I FELT more than ever justified in having helped her to go abroad when a few months after she had sailed a girl in a neighbouring town was granted an affiliation order against the man and I thought that all my worry was at an end.

"I do not know how to express my horror and indignation at having discovered that some time before my daughter went abroad she had gone through a clandestine marriage with the man against whom I had warned her and who is the acknowledged parent of an illegitimate child by another girl.

"His own parents had connived at a secret marriage, knowing quite well that outwardly the formal engagement was at an end, and they allowed her to sail at my expense without a word of farewell, I her mother being the only person to give her a kiss on the quay when she went away.

"My poor girl is now lonely in a strange country with the knowledge that she is tied by the bonds of matrimony to a man who has deceived her for years and who must have known at the time when he married her that proceedings were pending in respect of the child to be born as the result of his other entanglement.

"What can I do, not only to restore her to the happiness which was hers while she lived in my home, but to free her from the shameful bond of such a marriage?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Your daughter's position is indeed a terrible one and it is difficult to find words sufficiently severe to condemn the conduct of the man who was responsible for dragging her into such a shameful clandestine marriage. If you can find evidence that he has been guilty of misconduct subsequent to the date of the marriage she could obtain a divorce, or without that she could sue him for maintenance, but in either case you should get her back to this country, for such proceedings would have to be initiated where he is at present domiciled.*

"I AM one of those unhappy women who, when their husbands are sent to prison, have to suffer for crimes of which they are innocent.

A Felon's Wife

"While my husband is serving his sentence I am left with three children and no means of providing for them. I had sold up the greater part of my home before my husband was convicted as we were contemplating emigrating to Australia and had paid the fares.

"Not knowing what else to do I sought relief from the board of guardians. A delay occurred because it was necessary for me to produce a copy of my marriage certificate.

"At last, when I and my little ones were on the verge of starvation, I was told that we should have to go into the workhouse as I had no home of my own.

"I am living in partly-furnished rooms, but as I have no means of paying the rent it seems I am to be forced into the workhouse where I shall not even be able to have my children with me."

"HUMANIST" says: *It seems to me entirely wrong that a board of guardians should refuse outdoor relief when it is obvious that the cost of maintenance in their institution will constitute a much greater burden on the ratepayers besides preventing you from seeking means of self-support. Write direct to the Minister of Health, Whitehall, S.W., explaining all the circumstances.*

* * *

"WHEN I was in a much better position than I am now, I took under my care a poor girl who was down and out through no fault of her own.

A Limit to Charity

"In spite of the fact that she was an invalid, she made herself useful and she was happy in doing little things in return for a home and the affection I felt for her.

"After a time she became so ill that she was quite unable to help herself, and as I was sadly reduced myself, I applied for assistance on her behalf only to be told that if there was no one to keep her she must go to the workhouse.

"I could not agree to such a proposition, and old as I am I set to work to earn enough to maintain her and myself, but the struggle has proved too much for me.

"I have a house, but I cannot pay the rates on it after I have made provision for the poor invalid girl. I could look after myself, but what am I to do with this poor sick girl?"

"HUMANIST" says: *I appreciate fully your desire to comfort and console one who is helpless and friendless, but I think you must realise that if you have not the means, it is no real kindness to keep her with you. Let her go to the institution and after you have re-established yourself by your own work you may again be in a position to afford her hospitality.*

"I AM in service as a housemaid with the family of a local minister. For some time now I have been suffering from nervous debility and my mistress has sent me home as I was unfit to continue at work.

Father in the Manger

"My mistress talked the matter over with her husband and they offered to send me to a convalescent home.

"My father has refused to permit such an arrangement. He has always been very harsh in his treatment of me and he is also very cruel to my mother. She would like me to go, but he has threatened that if she takes my part he will leave her.

"This would be very serious, for there are four children under fourteen years of age and I am only seventeen.

"I send all my money home to help my mother, but my father seems to grab it all and when I am at home he knocks me about terribly."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your father appears to be a "dog-in-the-manger" who cares nothing of what becomes of you so long as he can get money out of you. I think you should explain all the circumstances to the clergyman in whose service you are. At your age your father has no right to interfere with the arrangement proposed and I think you may be sure that your kind employers will show you the way out of your difficulty.*

A Mean Proposal

"Though single I am expecting shortly to become a mother. The man responsible has offered to marry me, but only on condition that I agree to allow the child to be adopted as soon as it is born. Should I accept such a proposal?"

"Humanist" says: *No. The man can have little love for you or sense of parenthood to make it. The position of an unmarried mother is painful, but you might find it far worse to be tied to a man who could think of imposing such an unnatural condition.*

A War Widow's Dilemma

"I am a war widow. The shock of hearing that my husband was killed in France led to the premature birth of my child, which however lived and was taken care of by my parents. Now that I want the little fellow to live with me they refuse to let me have him."

"Humanist" says: *You have a perfect right to the custody of your own child, and it is wrong of your parents to keep him from you. If they will not give him up, apply to the court, which will not assent to a woman of good character being separated from her child in such a manner.*

An Unmarried Widower

"When I was young I lived with a woman who was not my wife and when she died, leaving me with our boy, I brought him up in ignorance of the circumstances. I have now met a woman whom I should like to marry and she believes me to be a widower. Would it be right for me to describe myself as such when getting married?"

"Humanist" says: *I can understand your feelings, but it is a punishable offence to make a false declaration in marriage. Why not explain matters to the woman you wish to marry? If you are looking well after your boy you are making the best atonement possible for your previous sin of omission.*

Oil and Twopence.

A SHREWD student of human nature said, "You find people ready enough to do the Samaritan, without the oil and twopence." Such selfish Samaritans deserve a sneer. Make your charity practicable. Send us twopence, two shillings or two pounds that we may provide oil to soothe open wounds through "The Greatest of These——" Fund.

(See page 38.)

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT BUSINESS?

To the thoughtless, the easy-going, or the very young man this question may at first glance seem an insult.

Such a one would answer in an offhand sort of way, "Why, I am in business! I am a business man! I know all about business—or I ought to know!"

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Let us put the same question to you.

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and over 300 OTHER PRIZES
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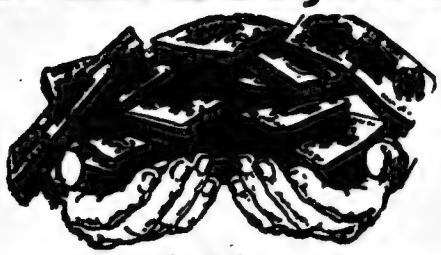

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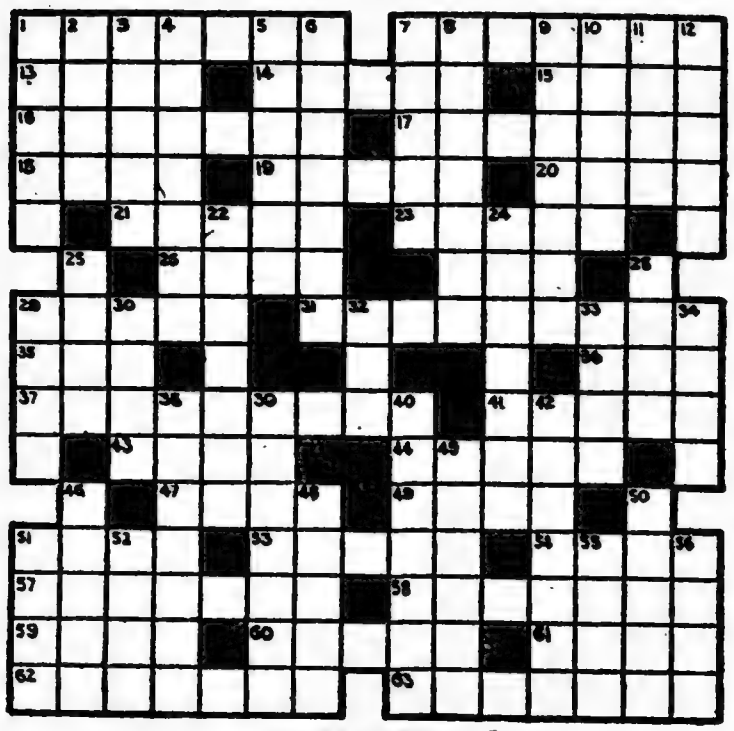

CLUES ACROSS

1. Portable furnace.
7. Tenacious worker.
13. Final.
14. Cone-bearing tree.
15. Place for bees.
16. Got away.
17. Infused with air.
18. Interwoven
19. Kind of massage.
20. Tear.
21. Name for certain skin diseases.
23. Inhabitants of ponds.
26. Humbug.
27. Day before.
29. Broken open.
31. To number.
35. Past.
36. Kind of pastry.
37. Disjoined
41. To correct.
43. Dash.
44. Splendour.
47. Plausible.
49. Masculine.
51. To glut.
53. Temperate.
54. Went in haste.
57. Multiplied by three.
58. To repair.
59. One who employs.
60. Weird.
61. English flower.
62. Claims.
63. Cavalry rank.

CLUES DOWN

1. To make happy.
2. Precipitate.
3. Fashionable race meeting.
4. Branch of science.
5. One under twelve.
6. Spread abroad.
7. Neck-wear.
8. A speculative truth.
9. Soldier's horse.
10. Children's serial toys.
11. Equal.
12. Of a blood colour.
22. Not artificial.
24. Artisan's clothing.
25. Big.
28. Stupefy.
29. Lowest male voice.
30. A line.
32. Maiden name.
33. To encourage.
34. Terminals
38. Science of computing by symbols.
39. A cordial.
40. Fault.
42. A musical composer.
45. Course of action.
46. Analyse words.
48. Portends.
50. Poetry.
51. Ornamental button.
52. Prolific.
55. Stern of a ship.
56. Hunted animal.

The solution of last week's Cross-word Puzzle is on page 2.

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AFTER reading Mr. A. G. Gardiner's article, "The Truth about China," in JOHN BULL, February 5, the puzzle that was is a puzzle no longer. The whole statement is so palpably true and illuminating that his suggestion as to the way out of the difficulty must appeal to every fair-minded Britisher. Truly there is no need for war. Britain is not destitute of the sense of fair play, and each one of us must recognise the fact that the Chinese have a right to a say in the management of their own country.—*T. Turner, Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

Trade, Not War

The dread of unemployment and short time has been the lot of textile workers for over four years. Now that trade with China is practically at a standstill, the prospects are becoming more grave. I think I voice the opinion of all textile workers when I say, "We want trade, not war, with China."—*Textile Worker, Thornbury.*

China's Claim

"China for the Chinese" is the quite legitimate claim of Mr. Chen, and unless the Government realises the validity of that claim a crisis will be reached which will involve England in much loss of wealth and *prestige*. It must also realise that militarism and sabre-rattling are finding disfavour in the eyes of the electorate, and if persisted in will result in its downfall. Diplomacy not force is required.—*C. K., Ripon.*

Financial Risks

Whatever the outcome of the situation in China, and there is reason to believe that the restraint being shown by Sir Austen Chamberlain will bring its reward, the question of British financial interest in foreign-populated countries will have to be carefully considered if similar "tight corners" are to be avoided. Slowly, but conclusively, the East are absorbing Western ideas of development and progress, and any aggressive antagonism towards legitimate aspirations might result in the ultimate break-up of the British Empire in the East.—*A. C., Manchester.*

"Foreign Devils"

Socialists, Labourists and Communists have been busy lately with the cry, "Hands off China." They argue that our capitalists have no right to be out there at all "exploiting the natives." But what about the great numbers of Chinamen in this country who are allowed to live here in full freedom and have the same protection as our own countrymen? Many of these have "made good" here and are prosperous business men—but there are others! Still, we never rave about chasing home all these "foreign devils" for the crimes of a few bad ones.—*Jay Enn, Kirkcaldy.*

Dangerous Drift

I hope you will speak out against the policy of drifting into another war. That is the danger we are up against in regard to China. If ever there was a case for calling in the League of Nations, it is here, and the League should invite China to lay her case before it, and make it clear that the nations of Europe are prepared to respect her rights within her own territories.—*H. S., London.*

Cook's Tour to China

A British officer is credited with saying, "My men are simply dying to get out to China and their one hope is that none of them will get the 'flu." How can we hope for peace when such rot as this exists. Some of us remember the 1914 "picnic" and of men "simply dying to get to France." While admitting the necessity for protection, the suggestion that the China affair will be a glorified "Cook's tour" should be speedily squashed.—*Allen P., West Gorton.*

Silly Snobbishness

A "broad high road" of education, advocated by the Rt. Hon. Charles Trevelyan, M.P., would tend to eliminate the snobbishness shown by some employers. One of the first questions asked when a youth goes to apply for a job is, What school did you attend? If the answer is an elementary school his chances of getting a start are often immediately knocked on the head; the secondary school boy stands more chance, and the public school boy more still. A youth's ability appears to be judged by the school he attended.—*O., Bristol.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"BRISTOL EVENING TIMES":—"The pay of the officers is deplorably low. A captain receives only £140 a MONTH."

"MANCHESTER DAILY DISPATCH":—"Pour the mixture into a greased mould, COVER with a piece of greased paper and STIR for at least two hours."

"BIRMINGHAM DAILY POST":—"Wanted at once, for country district, three Driver-Mechanics used to Guy omnibuses; only those with the highest credentials need NOT apply."

"WESTMINSTER GAZETTE":—"Blackshirt militiamen were on duty INSIDE OUT outside the court."

"'Flu's" Aids

A surgeon recently gave me his opinion of the "'flu." He said the vitality of the people has decreased, due to faked and insufficient wholesome food. Bad housing and the unnatural speed of modern conditions of living are greatly to blame. He also said that the enormous increase of transport has made people lazy, consequently the body does not get the exercise necessary to good health.—*L. J. B., Surrey.*

Cards for Listeners

Many enthusiastic listeners find it difficult to pay their wireless licence when it falls due owing to unemployment. I would suggest that the Post Office issue cards so that listeners could affix sixpenny or shilling stamps, and when their licence falls due they could present the stamped card in payment, thus saving many an enthusiast from scrapping his set through not being able to pay 10s. in once.—*Enthusiast, Leith.*

Charity Stamps

Substantial revenue might be gained for hospitals by the issue of charity stamps, as is done in foreign countries. Periodical collections are spasmodic efforts dependent for success on the zest of the workers; recognised charity stamps would produce a certain revenue. The franking of letters with charity stamps would mark the senders as "good sort," and such kindly benevolence would become a habit.—*J. J. A., Birmingham.*

Barking Ambition

A member of the staff of a London journal to whom I submitted particulars of a device likely to interest women in all parts of the world expressed delight and supplied me with names of five manufacturers. Not one of them has replied to my enquiries. Is it lack of imagination, discourtesy or stupidity that induces a manufacturer to ignore a letter of enquiry or examine drawings that might benefit his business?—*J. W., Lancs.*

No Strikes Here

If all British firms would follow the splendid example of Messrs. L. D. Whitehead and Co., Newport, Mon., in adopting the co-operative scheme now inaugurated by that firm, it would go a very long way to abolish strikes. Each official and employee receives each June and December the same dividend on his earnings as that received by the shareholders. Thus a man earning £4 a week would receive £10 8s. in two instalments, assuming the dividend to be 5 per cent. Dealing with workmen in this manner does away with any tendency to "ca' canny." The men realise that the interests of the firm are also theirs.—*B. H. T., Ponypool.*

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

It makes, we know, a pretty show,
As few would mind confessing;
But tho' as art it's rather smart
It's only window-dressing.

Nothing settled! Getting nettled,
Nerves all jarred and jangled.
More contending, then the ending,
Swords become entangled!

"Hopes we cherish often perish!"
Ruminates the "here."
"All this zest and interest
Now has sunk to zero!"

By naked crime, in pantomime,
The thief his wealth achieves.
But nowadays more wily ways
Enrich "The Forty Thieves."

Don't let that Cold Leave You a Legacy—use 'Nostroline'

Chronic Catarrh reaps its harvest now. Head Colds and 'Flu expose the nose and throat to this dread disease, unless you use Nostroline Nasal Specific! For "Nostroline" destroys the germs before they can get a grip. Its pleasant, soothing vapours cleanse and heal the air passages from nostril to lung. Banish colds and 'Flu and all their lingering after-effects with "Nostroline." Don't let Winter leave you a legacy of Chronic Nasal Catarrh. Get "Nostroline" to-day before the Chemist shuts.

NOSTROLINE
Nasal Specific

From all Chemists Price 1/3 & 3/-

Stops HEAD COLDS, NASAL CATARRH, SORE THROAT, and HAY FEVER.

Prevents INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, DIPHTHERIA, MEASLES

Free Sample on request from R.J.B.2,
Nostroline Laboratories, Clifton, Bristol

It's easier to catch a Cold than a train

It's easy to catch a cold, but it's easy to get rid of it with "Galloway's" Cough Syrup. Every dose tells a wonderful story of the marvellous curative powers of this unequalled syrup, not only for coughs and colds but for all bronchial troubles. The great London remedy—liked by children—appreciated by all.

READ WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT IT.

Mrs. Eadmead, of 115, Thanet House, Thanet Street, King's Cross, W.C.1, writes: "My little girl contracted a very bad cough and I thought she was in for a bad illness. A bottle of 'Galloway's' relieved her at once, and in a week she was quite herself again. I shall recommend this splendid remedy whenever I can."

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

Sold by Chemists everywhere - 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle, or direct from P. H. Galloway, Ltd., Chemists, London, S.E.17. Price 1/3 and 3/3 post free.

1/9 Weekly

is all you pay for a massive *Hornless* Gramophone or a superbly made **No. 606** Mead with richly coloured horn, solid oak case, large steel motor, & unusually loud sound Reproducer. Sent carriage paid on **20 DAYS' TRIAL**. Cabinet and other models at CUT prices. Write for illustrated lists.

Mead
Co. Dept. 6 248 Birmingham.

DOUGLAS STUART
(Scotland), Ltd.
"DUGGIE NEVER OWES"
and that is the chief reason why
"He rules an Empire of satisfied punters."—
John Bull.
• • •
LINCOLN
AND
NATIONAL
UNLIMITED DOUBLE EVENTS
NO WAY BARRED.
DAILY S.P. BUSINESS
A SPECIALITY.
NO LIMIT
ON SINGLES, DOUBLES,
ACCUMULATORS.
WE PAY THE
WHOLE TAX—
WIN OR LOSE.
FOOTBALL
Send for Weekly Lists and Prices on English Cup.
✦ ✦ ✦
DON'T DELAY,
WRITE TO-DAY.
5, DRURY STREET,
GLASGOW.

For SATISFACTION and PROMPT PAYMENT deal with
WHITE, FISHER & Co.
144a, WEST REGENT ST., GLASGOW
6 LEAGUES. 6 LISTS.
NOTHING EVER BARRED
and
YOUR WINNINGS ON YOUR
BREAKFAST TABLE.
LINCOLN and NATIONAL
We guarantee the biggest odds obtainable for Singles & Doubles. Write to-day.

A MARE THAT NEVER TIRES

Silver Somme an Each-way Fancy for the National

I HAVE seen half of the Grand National probables during the past few weeks, and not many of them have enhanced their reputation. The most meritorious performance was that of Silver Somme, and although I am still sticking to Jack Horner and Master Billie, I suggest the new-comer as a good each-way bet.

AS a rule I eliminate mares for the Grand National—the records of the race are dead against them—but there is no getting away from the fact that the ex-selling-plater must stand a chance if she can negotiate the stiff Aintree fences. Prior to her Gatwick win Percy Woodland was asked if she could stay the four miles. He laughed and answered that she could stay four weeks. He was about right.

THE ten-year-old pulled up perfectly fresh, but several shrewd judges condemned her jumping. I do not place too much reliance on this, as you can find fault with most 'chasers if you see them often enough. The first time I backed Silver Somme was at Windsor when she ran second in a selling 'chase valued at £102. She won next time out, and Mr. Liddell purchased her for a paltry 170 guineas. Since then Woodland has trained her. Now she is in the running for a prize of £8,000!

Percy Woodland, who trains Silver Somme

PERCY WOODLAND, who has ridden a couple of Grand National winners himself, has worked wonders with Silver Somme, and it will be another feather in his cap if he leads in his first this year. I do not think many racegoers will deny that Percy is the best trainer of 'chasers in the country at the moment.

HE seems to have the happy knack of developing their stamina—and this is apt at times to knock the bottom out of backers' calculations. Few people expected him to win with Winnal over three miles and five furlongs, as the gelding has always been dead beat at three miles, but the unexpected came off at Sandown Park. I wish it hadn't, as my code selection, Master Billie, was second. Kisser, my second code tip, popped up, but we were robbed of a nice double.

BOB DENMAN, the veteran trainer of Asterus, states that Charley Elliott has been booked to ride the horse at Lincoln, and the same jockey will have the mount where possible in any other engagements the horse meets on this side this season. Denman is of the opinion that invaders are handicapped by having jockeys unfamiliar with the courses here, and he has urged the need of engaging English jockeys on his patron from the first. He wanted Donoghue to take the mount, but when that failed he picked on Elliott as the next best.

THE least forward of the two French-trained Lincoln hopes is Coram, and the owner now informs my French correspondent that he will not subject his horse to the ordeal of a race on the Carholme should Asterus be at his best by the day, because he thinks that Coram could only prevail against the younger horse at the weights if he were fully wound up. I pass this warning on because I have reason to believe that there will be attempts on the part of "clever" layers to create a furore for Coram as soon as they know that he is not likely to be fit.

I WAS rather interested in the running of Father Collins at Sandown, as a year or so ago this animal broke a leg and should have been destroyed. Instead, the gelding was passed over to the Seaford trainer, Dale. He succeeded in mending the joint, and won a three-mile race with the ten-year-old. Father Collins is a nice-looking chestnut, and he ran well enough on the Esher course for me to mark him as a pretty certain winner in the near future. He came over the last fence with a three lengths' lead, but was beaten by Grevisk, one of Woodland's, in the run-in.

THE betting-tax is a blight, but the ring layers are blighters, and in my opinion they are partly to blame for the recent slump in attendances at meetings. Punters are getting sick and tired of cramped prices, and instead of enjoying a day in the open they have their little bit on at S.P. More often than not, for favourites they obtain 2 to 1 in place of 6 to 4 in the ring. In the case of long-shots returned at 100 to 8 and 100 to 6 the pencillers give eights or tens. I noticed this happen over and over again at Sandown, and one dear old bookie, whose face I have seen for years, refused to accept 5s. Great Span. He was full up—and, probably, fed up.

FOR YOUR NOTE-BOOK

TOM BOWLING is a future winner which I noted at Sandown Park. The youngster should be backed each way if contesting the Hurlingham Hurdle Race at Kempton.

JEHU will most likely be one of Frank Hartigan's winners at the same meeting.

BURNING THOUGHTS was a "springer" in the market to beat Windswept last time out. Larkin's five-year-old should be noted for the Weybridge Hurdle at Kempton, and the Greenham Hurdle at Newbury.

HIGHBROW will probably make his first appearance over timber in the February Hurdle at Newbury. Lord Derby's flat-racer is distinctly better class than anything else engaged.

MASTER BILLIE—engaged in the Newbury 'Chase—is my three-starred nap for the week. Captain Whitaker's charge must win this to have a chance in the National.

I ALSO witnessed a little stunt worked by two old hands which seldom fails to catch mugs. It was the old, old story of fools rushing in where angels fear to tread. When the numbers went into the frame for the Four-Year-Old Maiden Hurdle penciller No. 1 shouted 5 to 4 Brian Water. Layer No. 2 dashed across and demanded 50 to 40. No. 1 waved him away in disgust, and both offered even money Duller's mount. In a few seconds they were plastered with it by onlookers who thought the tip was obvious. Before the off Brian Water was 7 to 4, 2 to 1, 9 to 4, and back to 2 to 1. He came to grief.

NEWBURY'S last jumping fixture of the season will be decided this week, and I repeat the advice I gave recently, Follow Gilbert. Rush Common, 5 to 1, scored for the Ilsley trainer at the January meeting, and he was painfully unlucky not to win with the 100 to 6 chance, Subduer. I mentioned both of these in my previous note, and they should be backed again on Friday and Saturday. The Ock is the best of Gilbert's other entries.

MY friend, the football expert, tells me that he has not forgotten my advice to keep the ball rolling. On Saturday, February 5, he did his best to exterminate the football bookmakers. His week-end coups were very successful. Six home, five home, four home, one home, one away, one draw, and the special, five home Leagues I and II, all came off.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Chronicle Mid-day, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow Noon Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, The Sheffield Mail, Leeds Mid-day Sporting Special, Birmingham Mail.

P W V E X G S 3 M I 2 Y U II

R K T Q O Z B C F L A N J D

How to read the code: In place of the letter or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line as the case may be. FXJYV QVY? would read MOUNT ETNA.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, February 16, to Tuesday, February 22.

"Soccer"

WEEK-END COUPS

6 HOME.—Bolton, West Ham, Barnsley, Bradford, Exeter, Motherwell.

5 HOME.—Reading, Tottenham, Accrington, Doncaster, Southend.

4 HOME.—Wolverhampton, Tranmere, Wigan, Motherwell.

3 AWAY.—Burnley, Halifax, Nelson.

3 DRAWS.—Everton v. Blackburn, Manchester C. v. Notts Forest, Watford v. Aberdare.

3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Bolton, Reading, Motherwell, Halifax, Nelson.

1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Bradford, Nelson, Leicester v. Huddersfield.

SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUES I. and II.).—Aston Villa, Tottenham, West Ham, Barnsley, Oldham.

TAKE MY TIP!
For the Sporting Double
READ THE LATEST INFORMATION
in
"THE SPORTING LIFE"
2d. Daily 2d.

Selections

FORECASTS FOR FEB. 26

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION I.).

HOME WINNERS.—Blackburn, Bury, Huddersfield, Sheffield U, West Bromwich.

AWAY WINNERS.—Bolton, Burnley.

DRAWS.—Birmingham v. Tottenham, Derby v. Aston Villa, Liverpool v. Newcastle.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION II.)

HOME WINNERS.—Blackpool, Chelsea, Middlesbrough, Notts Forest, Port Vale, Reading, Southampton.

AWAY WINNERS.—Preston.

DRAWS.—Barnsley v. Manchester C., Bradford C. v. Hull, Swansea v. Portsmouth.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION III.—Northern).

HOME WINNERS.—Barrow, Chesterfield, Halifax, Nelson, New Brighton, Stockport, Wigan.

AWAY WINNERS.—Rochdale.

DRAWS.—Ashington v. Bradford, Crewe v. Tranmere, Wrexham v. Stoke.

THE LEAGUE (DIVISION III.—Southern).

HOME WINNERS.—Aberdare, Bournemouth, Brentford, Brighton, Bristol C., Newport, Northampton, Norwich.

DRAWS.—Gillingham v. Watford, Millwall v. Swindon.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

HOME WINNERS.—Celtic, Cowdenbeath, Falkirk, Hibs, Motherwell, Partick.

AWAY WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Glasgow Rangers.

DRAWS.—Dundee U. v. Dunfermline, Morton v. Kilmarnock.

SAFETY FIRST!

ALFRED H. MAURICE

THE FOOTBALL ACCOUNTANT,

19, Bride Lane, London, E.C.4

"Fair Odds and Fair Play."

NOTHING BARRED IN SIX LEAGUES OR ENGLISH CUP.

Send at once for

CHALLENGER CREDIT COUPONS

AND PRICE LIST ON ENGLISH CUP. Every team quoted.

BET WITH THE BIG TWO

DAVID COPE

&

ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.,

25, North Albion Street, Glasgow, C.1

Letter commissions accepted from 1/- upwards in accordance with our rules. All postages paid.

LINCOLNSHIRE and GRAND NATIONAL BOOKS OPEN.

Send for Book of Rules.

BUSINESS ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

THE TOTALISATOR

Established May, 1920.

STARTING PRICE GUARANTEED

LINCOLN HANDICAP

GRAND NATIONAL

Second Pools, Singles and the Double Event close Feb. 21st.

Similar Pools last year returned

KING OF CLUBS - 520/1

JACK HORNER - 28/1

All commissions for Auto-Post Pools are "Free of Tax."

Send a postcard for full particulars, Rules, List of Auto-Post Pools, Football Lists, etc.

THE TOTALISATOR,

St. Andrew Square, EDINBURGH.

TO MARRIED WOMEN

It is not safe to neglect any unusual symptoms which cause uneasiness or anxiety, or to treat such matters lightly. They may be of little importance, but they may arise from venereal disease and be very serious. By far the wisest plan is to consult a doctor or to apply for a free consultation at the Out-patients' Department of the nearest hospital.

Those in doubt or difficulty may, if they prefer, apply in confidence to the Hon. Medical Secretary, British Social Hygiene Council, Incorporated, Dept. P., Carteret Street, Westminster (St. James' Park Station), S.W.1, and his advice will be available free, at this address, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from 12.30 to 2 p.m., and on Tuesdays and Thursdays from 5 to 7 p.m. No examination or treatment is undertaken at these offices.

Write for Six useful Booklets for Parents, 1s. 6d. the set. Four useful booklets for Girls, 6d. the set. Six useful booklets for Young Men, 1s. 4d. the set, all post free, in plain cover.

"Bullets" Prize-winners

(Continued from page 36.)

Mrs. A. M. Reading, 87, Burrell Rd., Ipswich.
W. S. Riley, 60, Melville St., Burnley.
Mrs. G. Rose, Winkleigh, Devon.
C. F. Saunders, Wymondham, Oakham.
J. Scott, Hillhead, Boarhills, Fife.
S. W. Scott, Orton, Longueville, Peterborough.
E. C. Sewell, 38, Francis Av., Southsea.
H. L. Slater, 33, Central Drive, Bury, Lancs.
C. Smith, Premier Garage, Ilkeston.
W. Smith, 29, Croptone Rd., Anstey, Leicester.
A. B. Snell, 68, Caerleon Rd., Newport, Mon.
G. Stammers, 98, Parkside Rd., Balham, S.W.
E. Stead, 7, Thorn Terr., Masuingham, Yorks.
G. Stewart, 64, Nelson St., Londonderry.
R. Stewart, "Rowanville," Churchill Rd., B'mouth.
B. Stratford, 1, Queens Av., Goodmoss.
H. S. Thomas, 25, Monthermer Rd., Cardiff.
Mrs. T. Thomas, Penlyle, Penlan Rd., Treboeth.
Mrs. B. Walker, Point of Ayre Lighthouse, I.O.M.
G. A. Walker, 6, St. Peters Terr., Pennicuiter.
P. Walsh, 35, Beechill Upper Grand, Dublin.
Miss Watkins, 109, Park Rd., Cwmpark, Glam.
W. Watt, 25, Pim St., Falkirk.
N. Watts, 23, Clarendon Rd., Dover
C. Wells, 19, Wheatcroft Rd., Barrow-in-Furness.
W. Whitehead, 34, Belvidere Terr., Southampton.
R. J. Williamson, c/o 102, Bath St., Glasgow.
W. Wood, "Finchleigh," Old Road, Friston-on-Sea.
W. C. Wood, 10, Wolsey Rd., Blackpool.

List of 300 "Bullets" Hamper Winners in Competition No. 626 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all cash Prize-winners can be seen at Stage Offices.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the First Three "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 626 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 630.

YELLOW PERIL
IN THE CRADLE
FORGETFULLY
FOR ME
TOMMY'S JOB
SAID TO THE MILLIONAIRE
WITHOUT A TEAR
FATHER'S TROUBLE
IN EVENING DRESS
WHITE MAN
THINKING OF HER
WHAT THE PATIENT SAID
FILM LOVER
NOT TO BE TRUSTED
IMAGINARY
AFTER THE GIRL
HEIR TO A MILLION
WITH A COUGH
FUTURE WIFE
WHAT IS A SERVANT?

BEST DIET ADVICE.

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane has demonstrated the vital importance of proper diet in the maintenance of health, and as a remedy for illness.

Everyone who would appreciate a little free advice and guidance on this very important subject should write to the great diet expert, Mr. EUSTACE MILES (Dept. D.B.J.), 40, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2.

Mention any ailments and give FULL DETAILS of all foods and drinks at each meal.

Write name and address in CAPITALS, and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

Motor Driver's Happy Discovery.

Liverpool.—Mr. J. Austin writes:—"I have been a Motor Driver for the last 6 years, an occupation which is liable to cause constipation due to lack of general exercise, but thanks to your wonderful Carter's Little Liver Pills, which I always carry in my waistcoat pocket, using them when I feel out of sorts, my bowels are always kept in proper condition. I wish to add that I am the father of 9 children, all living, and enjoy the best of health. They always ask me for your pills when they feel badly and invariably this puts them right." The Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills in 1/3 and 3/- phials of all chemists.

INDIGESTION

may occur in almost any part of the Alimentary Tract.

The FIRST process of digestion is the action of the saliva upon the Starchy food in the mouth, hence the importance of mastication.

The SECOND process of digestion is in the Stomach, where, when the food is not digested, fermentation occurs, creating irritating acids, usually called Acidity.

The THIRD process is the continued digestion of the Starchy food farther along the alimentary tract, where the necessary digestive secretions are supplied.

To ensure restoration of the normal digestive functions in both the second and third digestive processes, you should take—

CICFA

which supplies Digestive Ferments and so prevents fermentation with its Acidity, and assures digestion of both the Albuminous and Starchy foods, with resulting absorption of all the nourishment from the food and elimination of the waste products.

Harts Hill, Brierley Hill.

"Dear Sirs,

"Being a sufferer from Indigestion and Stomach troubles for years I have spent no end of money in trying to cure it, but without success, so I made up my mind to try your 'CICFA TABLETS,' which I purchased from our local chemist.

"I am now pleased to be able to say that after taking the first tube I began to feel better, and now I am not afraid to tackle any food which at one time I had to put on one side.

"If this simple letter may be of use to you or to any other person suffering from Indigestion or Stomach troubles, you may use it.

"I am, yours truly,
"(Signed) J. W. GREEN."

19,122 BRITISH DOCTORS

have already taken up Cicfa, and hundreds of them have written us of the very satisfactory results which they have obtained by its use upon themselves, in their families and in practice. When so many British Doctors are satisfied with Cicfa, you can confidently begin taking it at once.

Sold Everywhere. Prices 1/3 and 3/-.

THE CICFA CO.,

8 DUKE ST., MANCHESTER SQ., LONDON, W.1.

New Hair Growth

A multitude of men and women have used the remarkable compound—Kotalko, with astonishing and delightful benefit in removing scurf, stopping the falling out of hair, and in developing a new growth. This has been done in many cases where th baldness existed for years, and when many other hair tonics, lotions, medicinal treatments, etc., had been unsuccessfully tried.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

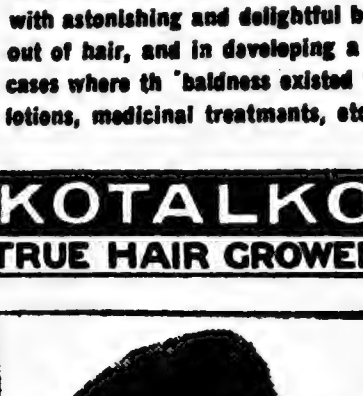
New Thick Growth After Baldness.

Holland Park, London, W.

Two years ago I found, to my dismay, that **my hair was all falling out.** I could find nothing to stop it. At last only one patch of hair remained, about the size of my hand. I was **under hospital treatment** for some months, but it was all to no use, and **I was still without hair.**

Then I heard of Kotalko, and began to use it night and morning. **After using it for a fortnight** I was very much surprised to see a very faint down coming on my head. I used it regularly for six months, and now I have a **fine thick head of hair.**

(Mrs.) E. N. Hillman.



New Hair Grew on Bald Places.

Goxhill, Nr. Hull.

I can highly recommend Kotalko, for it is worth its weight in gold. I was greatly troubled with dandruff and falling hair, and gradually the hair came away, leaving me **quite bald in parts.**

I quickly saw an improvement when I commenced using Kotalko, for the dandruff began to clear. Soon the falling stopped, and **new hair began to grow on the bald places, and now my hair is quite thick,** and free from all signs of dandruff, thanks to Kotalko. I have recommended your preparation to my friends, and shall be only too pleased to recommend to all I meet in need of such a hair grower.

You may use this testimony if you wish to do so, and help convince the sceptical that **Kotalko is genuine.**

George Dent.

Big Patches of Baldness Now Covered with Hair.

Boasbeck, Yorks.

When I first sent for Kotalko I was practically **bald all over my head** with great big patches of baldness. Now, as you will see by my photograph, after six months' use of Kotalko, I have **as good and thick a head of hair as anyone could desire.** The improvement was noticeable from the very first box, and the complete new growth was achieved by only two large boxes.

William Daniels.

Growth After Baldness.

Dungannon:

My head was all bald patches. Various preparations had been used, but failed to bring on the hair. This made me dubious about Kotalko, but I decided to give it a chance. After two months' use the **hair started to grow on the bald patches,** and now after using six boxes my head is absolutely normal, **thick hair** covering the baldness, and the scalp in splendid condition. Kotalko has certainly worked wonders.

Robt. J. Wylie.

Success at Last.

Reading.

I had become **quite bald on the top of my head,** due to the constant falling and thinning of the hair, although I had used every possible hair tonic, but now the condition of **my hair speaks remarkably well for the wonderful powers of Kotalko.**

I need no longer worry about going completely bald, and I shall do all in my power to recommend Kotalko. My wife and daughter are so pleased with results that they have followed my example.

W. G. Smith.

Thick and Curly Hair,

Nr. Farnham (Surrey).

When I began to use Kotalko I **was quite bald. I used to wear a silk cap** to cover my head, as I had given up all hope, and was tired of trying things to get my hair back again.

My friends have watched the gradual change in my head, from its milk-white baldness to its **present wonderful thickness of hair.** I used to apply Kotalko every day to the scalp until the hair grew all over my head **in its natural brown colour,** and **thick and curly** as the photograph shows.

The new growth of hair **is the talk of my neighbours and friends.** My grateful appreciation for your good advice, and wishing you every success to Kotalko, yours sincerely,

(Mrs.) Nellie O'Neill.

New Hair at 75.

Carnarvonshire.

Kotalko has grown a nice lot of hair on the top of my head, although I am 75 years of age. When I was younger I had a wonderful head of hair, but it commenced to fall out many years ago, and I had tried many things, but to no avail, until I used Kotalko. My friends are surprised and **my barber is astonished at my hair growing so well,** as shown in the photograph. Kotalko is grand, and I am **proud to boast of such a good head of hair at my age.**

James Harris.

100,000 TEST BOXES

KOTALKO has components of **genuine bear fat** (oil), juice of the rare pilocarpus plant, and other potent ingredients from the **three Kingdoms of Nature,** in accord with the recipe of the original compound, and modern improvements thereon.

Readers of this paper who are troubled by falling hair, dandruff, and baldness are invited to send for a test box at once.

A distribution of 100,000 testing boxes is now being made to those who apply—only one box to one person—either sex. To obtain a box it is only necessary to send threepence in stamps to the address below.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Send or Copy this COUPON.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... (53. K.G.)

JOHN HART BRITTAIN LTD., 2, Percy St. (53 K.G.), London, W.1.

Bullets Prize-winners

(*Continued from page* 39).

£5 Winners *Continued*

A. Burton, 67, Woodville Road, Thornton Heath. Fool And His Money—Wife Says Proverb's Wrong.

Mrs. F. Cosetano, 120, Russell Avenue, Wood Green, N. The First—Baby, "King" Next, "Commoner."

G. Davies, 32, Tredegar Road, Ebbw Vale, Mon. House Hunting—No "Falling Off" There.

Mrs. Green, 33, Nelson Row, Gt. Yarmouth. Fool And His Money—One "Gasses"—Other "Evaporates."

Mrs. A. B. Griffin, 89, Third Avenue, Brownhills, nr. Walsall. Our Servant—We Call *Her* "Mum."

J. R. Lawson, Pernhurst, Haslemere, Surrey. Why He Went Broke—Moneylender Formerly Treasury Official.

W. F. Miles, 17, Long Hill, Rochdale. Our Servant—A *Switch* In Time. (Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

T. H. Reilly, Organist, Newry, Co. Down. Lady Burglar—Was "Among Those *Present*."

H. Travnier, 23, Moncrieff Street, Peckham, S.E. Heaven On Earth—Heralded When "Trumpets" *Silent*.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

J. Abraham, 5, Dinam Street, Nantymoel, Bridgend. A Magician—Surprised—Woman Unloading Handbag.

L. Adams, Penbank, Tycroes, Pantyffynnon, Carm. Wine Of Life—Goes To Her *Feet*.

M. Boulton, 11, Benedict Road, Stockwell, S.W. When First They Met—Dovetails Surprised Amateur Carpenter.

Miss A. E. Cherrett, Brookside, East Howe, Bournemouth. Our Servant—Opportunity—But Not "Waiter."

A. Jones, 17, Plymouth Street, Merthyr. Rough Luck—Matches Wet—Lighter Dry.

Mrs. E. Lower, 1, Avondale, Western Road, Lymington, Hants. Woman Who Succeeds—Often Because Cupid Fails.

R. Moffat, 29, Honister Avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Small Salary—"Apology" Offered To Beauty.

Mrs. Patey, Dunfallandy, Portland Street, Derby. Old Offender—Acquitted—Walked Towards Cells.

D. Riley, 45, Hazelbank Terrace, Edinburgh. Seldom Comes Off—Pitiful Tale—When Genuine.

W. E. Thompson, 117, Mellison Road, Tooting, S.W. Getting Her Own Way—Then Says I'm Weak.

100 Prize-winners of £1:

C. Banks, 339, Tong Rd., Leeds.
Miss K. Bradley, 49, Oval Rd., Erdington.
Sergt. W. Bradley, R.M.A., Woolwich, S.E.
A. Broadbent, 66, Main St., Woodhouse Eaves.
G. H. Buesingham, Emlyn House, Stamford.
J. Carrie, 93, Alfred Rd., Brightside, Sheffield.
J. Catton, Battery Bank, Coupar Angus, N.B.
T. Chamberlain, 13, Balfour St., Bingley.
H. Clark, 15, Villa Rd., Adwick-le-Street.
R. J. Cockaday, 57, Hayes Rd., Clacton.
D. Conniff, 1, Exwick Rd., Exeter.
J. Craig, c/o Wands, 36, Hayburn St., Glasgow.
Mrs. Crosland, 28, Cleveland Rd., Huddersfield.
H. J. Dawes, 103, Baxter Av., Southend.
W. D. Devers, 11, Oxtade Rd., Brixton Hill.
H. Dickson, 12, Palmerston Drive, Litherland.
Mrs. G. Diss, 4, Luxford Rd., Lindfield Sussex.
Mrs. E. Earl, 3, Widdin St., Stratford, E.
W. J. Elliott, Ballyvaughan, Galway.
M. Ellis, 31, Clyffe Av., Welling, Kent.
P. J. Elsegood, 34, Clarence Pl., Newport, Mon.
W. J. Evans, Kearsley Cottages, Varteg, Mon.
Mrs. L. Farnell, 9, Brudenall Mount, Leeds.
H. Farr, Lynedale, Longcross, Chertsey.
G. Field, 22, Liversidge Rd., Birkenhead.
E. J. Finnegan, 8, North Mann St., Cork City.
P. A. Foster, 12, Friary St., Nuneaton.
W. Foster, 44, Hepscott Terr., South Shields.
P. D. Gibson, 33, Central Drive, Shirebrook.
T. H. Glancy, 2, Naburn St., High St., C.-on-M.
Mrs. E. Glenton, 47, Mortfield St., Bolton.
F. Goadby, Newry Rd., Armagh.
Mrs. J. C. Goode, 117, Tiverton Rd., B'ham.
M. Grant, 11, Elsmore Rd., Fallowfield, M/c.
G. Griffin, 36, Attwood St., Wollescote, Worcs.
T. Griffiths, 74, Garden City, Sheffield.
A. Halliday, 17, Sandhurst Grove, Leeds.
J. N. Harrison, 29, Chetwynd Rd., Southsea.
H. M. Hart, 9, Lime Grove, Shepherd's Bush, W.
H. J. Healey, 58, Cuthbert Rd., London, E.
F. W. Hislop, 34, Lady Margaret Rd., Southall.
H. Hobson, 21, Dryden St., Hull.
A. Holman, Bingham's Green, Ardingley, Sussex.
M. Hooley, 13, Cheetham Hill, Stalybridge.
W. Howard, 28, Lower Park Rd., Brightlingsea.
W. C. Howey, 22, Trederwen Rd., Hackney, E.
J. H. Jolly, 20, Rosebery Av., Plymouth.
T. Keeney, 9, Shalthorn Rd., Maryhill, Glasgow.
C. J. Lakin, 107, Hunter St., Burton-on-Trent.
T. G. Lee, 24, Harrison Rd., Leicester.
J. A. Lovell, 38, William St., Glasgow, C.
R. Magee, 78, Arden Rd., Acocks Green, B'ham.
W. McBride, 14, Park Av., Strandtown, Belfast.
A. Marshall, 1, Bushell St., Bolton.
R. Marston, 184, Brunswick Rd., Sheffield.
R. Mason, 6, Belvoir Rd., Coalville, Leicester.
E. A. Merrett, 30, Whippendell Rd., Watford.
W. T. Moorhouse, 190, New Line, Bacup.
W. Morgan, 7, Heol-y-Deri, Morriston, Swansea.
H. Morrish, 41, Fagley Rd., Bradford.
Mrs. Mulley, 1, Roding Lane, Woodford Bridge.
W. Murcott, 7, Cherry Orchard, Henley-in-Arden.
Miss Newton, c/o Britannia Hotel, Bridlington.
Mrs. Nicholas, 52, Leslie Terr., Porth, Rhondda.
J. Noble, 96, Battlefield Rd., Glasgow.
Miss O. Norman, 46, Whitecross Rd., Weston-s-Mare.
F. Parnell, 8, Barewell Rd., St. Mary Church.
A. J. Phelps, 36, Constance St., Newport, Mon.
Mrs. Porter, 10, Gloucester View, Southsea.
N. C. Powell, "Trellis," Highbury Rd., Hitchin.
Mrs. J. F. Ramsay, 20, William St., Dundee.

(*Continued on page* 35)

JOHN BULL Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

* * *

B. B. (Deptford).—"What is a good thing to take for 'flu?" Care.

F. M. (Walworth).—"She is studying to be an architect." The designing creature!

A. G. (Barnes).—"I should like to give marriage a trial for ten years." If it's not a trial then it never will be.

P. N. (Hants).—"I try to put my heart in everything I do." That's better than putting your foot in it.

L. J. (Derby).—"What is the thickest part of a man's body?" Sometimes it's from the neck up.

VISITOR (London, W.).—"I don't like the customs of this country." Did they catch you smuggling?

T. N. (Chelsea).—"I pawned my watch to go to the theatre." So that's how you spent your time.

B. L. (Birmingham).—"May I remind you that you haven't printed the poem I sent you?" Yes.

J. J. (Aylesbury).—"The first job I had was to overhaul a motor-car." You must be some runner!

C. P. (York).—"My children seem to grow very pale when they go to school." Whereas some children get tanned.

ALICE (———).—"Please send an answer to me personally." You don't give your address, Alice, where art thou?

G. N. (Chatham).—"Has the House of Commons ever been broadcast?" No, but Guy Fawkes nearly succeeded in doing it.

E. H. (Gloucester).—"Every man will agree that 1s. is too much for a hair cut." Not every man. Bald men simply don't care.

B. Y. (Amersham).—"I'll roll up to your office one of these days." We shall refuse to see you if you arrive in that condition.

T. N. (Bristol).—"What does it cost to get married?" Seven-and-six down and weekly instalments for the rest of your life.

M. P. (Camberwell).—"Why are British cheeses not advertised more?" Some of them can be relied on to speak for themselves.

L. N. (Ashford).—"British boxers are very temperate men." Especially the heavyweights; at the most they have a little weak punch.

T. N. (Elton).—"The postman brought an income-tax demand, and then the rate-collector and the landlord called." A series of nasty knocks.

B. B. (Stowe).—"We should be grateful to our Cabinet Ministers for the good work they do." All of us, for instance, owe something to Mr. Churchill.

A. H. (Yelverton).—"I think I could earn my living on the press." Yes, but how are you going to persuade people to bring their trousers to you?

M. T. (Wembley).—"There's nothing I like better than a jazz band." We wish it were in our power to give you all of them.

M. A. (Chepstow).—"I cannot write any more as my ink is running out." Perhaps it's just as well, as we couldn't have read any more, as our patience was running out.

H. H. (Burnley).—"I went to make a few notes." They send people to prison for that.

H. M. (Romford).—"What's meant by the Eve of Prosperity?" Perhaps the wife of a profiteer.

C. R. (Dover).—"I am sending you this cheque anonymously." We noticed it wasn't signed.

D. A. G. (Oldham).—"I should like to make a clean sweep." We've no objection if the sweep hasn't.

S. F. (Bayswater).—"When I say a thing it goes." Come and have a chat with our old motor-car.

W. C. H. (Battle).—"Nothing is achieved by sitting still." Nonsense! What about chickens?

H. F. F. (Holbech).—"Why don't you write an article in favour of the Channel Tunnel?" Too much of a bore.

S. H. B. (Catford).—"I will call one day and present my wife to you." Thanks, but we have one of our own.

E. S. (Plymouth).—"I've seen men in America drunk." And a lot of foodstuff gets canned over there too.

W. H. C. (Morpeth).—"I know a splendid golf course." Phew! We thought at first you had written "curse."

D. P. (Leeds).—"I suffer from an annoying singing in the ears." Can't you arrange to be out when your neighbour is practising?

L. M. G. (Croydon).—"You and I were sent into this world to help others." That's all very well, but what were the others sent for.

D. M. (Paddington).—"My doctor tells me his little page-boy is a perfect imp of mischief." Seems about time for that page to be turned over.

K. Y. (Preston).—"I had only just paid for the building of my new greenhouse when a heavy gale wrecked it completely." What a blow!

N. F. E. (Swansea).—"When I have the 'flu I am put right off my correspondence." And yet people will persist in calling it a scourge!

MRS. R. (Manchester).—"My husband picked up his suit-case and left me for good." And no doubt there was a woman in the case.

A. C. H. (Maidstone).—"Before my wife left for her country visit she made me give her quite a lot of money." You must have felt the parting keenly.

W. B. (Framlingham).—"Do you know of anything not a chemist's preparation that helps to whiten the hands?" The answer is a lemon.

D. R. S. (Exeter).—"He made me apologise for laughing at his long pedigree." So his descent was the cause of your own climb-down.

S. J. (Harringay).—"Because she has a brother out there our new maid can talk of nothing but China." You'll probably find her drop it before she's been with you long.

DON'T hesitate! Whatever form your difficulty takes, send for advice to JOHN BULL'S *Free Advice Service, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, and the proper course to pursue will be plainly pointed out.*

* * *

H. M. (Exeter).—"Did it snow up your way?" No, always down.

A. W. (Hackney).—"I once made £10 for writing a fairy story." Just fancy.

S. G. (Burnham).—"What cures a young man of a craving to get married?" Marriage.

A. Y. (Hayes).—"I had my leg broken in two places." You should avoid those two places in future.

W. P. (Wood Green).—"I like to receive cheery letters from friends." Life's smile posts.

L. D. (London).—"Have just returned from New York. You can have it." But we don't want it.

E. B. (Chatham).—"I travel in artificial silk stockings only." Rather chilly for the time of year, isn't it?

E. T. (Padstow).—"We had a foreign nobleman for dinner on Sunday." Do you mean the Baron de Beef?

W. L. (Chelsea).—"A lot of good things will have happened by the end of this year." Yes, fifty-two JOHN BULLS.

J. H. (Earls Court).—"The Chinese diet consists chiefly of rice." Probably this is responsible for their internal disorders.

L. M. (Chiswick).—"I had a very bad shave this morning." Probably your nerves were on edge and your razor wasn't.

C. H. (Cardiff).—"She made the appointment for seven o'clock and I turned up at 7.45." How long did you have to wait?

A. T. (Birkenhead).—"It is now possible to telephone from any place in Scotland to America for £5 a minute." Yes, but not probable.

MRS. F. J. (Norwich).—"I've got a little money, but I don't know what to put it in." Win a crocodile handbag in *Bullets* this week, and put it in that.

G. W. (Bloomsbury).—"The landlady said the eggs were fresh because they had just come from the country." But what country?

G. B. (Letchworth).—"She always does the stairs with beeswax." Then winter sports in the Alps would be no novelty for you.

T. J. (Carlton).—"'Flu germs are rendered harmless by exercise." Yes, but how do you get the little beggars to exercise?

F. M. (Chiswick).—"Berets will reappear in the spring." We don't care. We are looking forward to the spring just the same.

P. T. (Lowestoft).—"Our maid drops her aitches." Why worry as long as she doesn't allow the law of gravitation to work on your dishes?

ELSIE K. (Kingston).—"My boy and I like to read the newspaper together and talk over the items of interest." You enjoy the daily press, do you?

M. T. (Wanstead).—"My husband is very proud because he has made a wireless set." That's nothing. You can probably make a jelly do the same.

H. Y. (Marlow).—"My husband must be brave, handsome, rich, chivalrous and tactful." Never mind—there are a lot worse things than being an old maid.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.

for Protection against Flu

In one week in January, 326 people in this country *died* from flu; in the next, 470; in the next 725! Flu germs enter the system through the nose and mouth. Regular spraying with Glyco-Thymoline keeps the mucous membrane clean and healthy, and tends to prevent the germs of flu and other diseases gaining a foothold in the body. At all chemists, 1/10, 3/8, 7/6.

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MAKE SURE YOU GET

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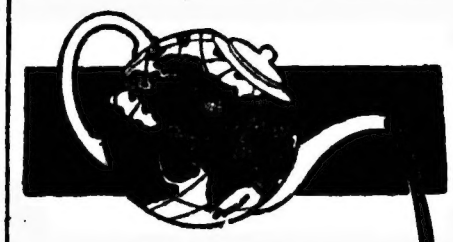
NOT SOMETHING NAMED TO SOUND LIKE IT



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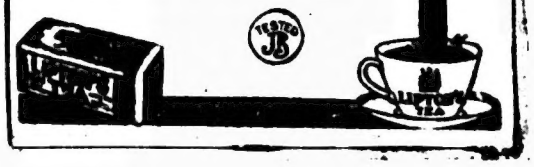

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We Guarantee to Buy Your Work at Good Rates.

or you can sell to private customers as well if you want to, and so

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The IMPERIA KNITTER is easy to operate. No experience is necessary. Free tuition is given if required. It knits perfectly and with amazing speed everything from costumes to socks. The Machine can be purchased by easy payments and so be made to pay for itself in a few weeks while you are earning money with it. Even in odd moments it is easy to make a pound or more weekly.

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Always keep a bottle handy ready at any time to kill pain.

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—Mr. E. Desson, 3, Dunn, Paisley.

Of Chemists and Stores 2/- and 4/-

Sloan's LINIMENT KILLS PAIN

BOILS CARBUNCLES ABSCESSES WHITLOWS

80 YEARS of SUCCESSFUL CURES

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"The Greatest of These . . . . ."

This is Your Neighbour

Work Waiting for Good Samaritans

A DISABLED ex-Service man suffering from shell-shock appealed to us for assistance last week. He has a pension of £2 a week, which is little enough when a man has to provide for a wife and family.

In order to eke out his pension he has endeavoured for six years to carry out the duties of an auxiliary postman.

His condition is such that at times he has become exceedingly depressed by fears of what would happen to his wife and little girl, seven years old, if he should become incapacitated from his work.

A few months ago his health, already shattered, broke down and he was admitted to a Ministry of Pensions hospital. While undergoing treatment there he received intimation that owing to his long absence from work he must resign.

Any hope of an immediate cure was naturally retarded by this intimation, and the poor fellow had to be taken to the County Mental Hospital.

As he was recovering his senses he received the news that his wife had been seriously ill and, what was worse, in the extremity of her need had, apparently, been callously treated by the Ministry of Pensions, which appears to have devoted the greater portion of the man's pension to defraying the cost of his maintenance in the mental hospital, leaving only 8s. a week for his wife and child.

This pittance was eked out by 2s. 6d. a week in kind from the local guardians, and at the time the appeal was made to us the poor woman was three weeks in arrears of the rent of 10s. weekly for a single furnished room, owed 8s. for milk, and was living in terror of eviction.

Presumably the matter will eventually be properly adjusted by the Ministry of Pensions, but Government Departments do not seem to possess among their official documents the parable of the Good Samaritan, which was related in answer to the lawyer's question, "And who is my neighbour?"

There are such neighbours all round you. Through "The Greatest of These—" Fund you can pour oil into their wounds. If you can afford only twopence it will be devoted entirely to succouring the distressed.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the John Bull *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* John Bull.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Geoffrey G. T. Gilbert, 10s.; D. W. Taft (Nottingham), 1s.; Pillion Girl, 6d.; Mrs. Webster (Edinburgh), 1s.; A Sailor's Mother (Northd.), 2s. 6d.; J. B. A., 2s.; Mrs. A. Messer (Portsmouth), 6d.; In Loving Memory of Victor, 1s. 3d.; F. White (West-super-Mare), 3s. 6d.; L. C., 2s. 6d.; Fortunate, 1s.; Inglemere (Watford), 2s.; R. O. P., 1s.; Lily and Her Mother, 5s.; A. F. S. (Scarborough), £1; Mrs. M. Evans, £1; Ruturst, 2s.; A. C. D. (West Melton), 2s.; Heywood, 10s.; G. T. B., 2s. 6d.; E. A. Rawlins (Hyde), 2s. 6d.; C. H. and D. D., 5s.; J. N. and E. S., 1s.; Bouzo, 1s.; E. M. (Edinburgh), 10s.; W. W. (Leith), 5s.; L. M. Kelsey (Heudon), 2s. 6d.; Lillington, 2s. 6d.; A Happy Wife, 5s.; Old Navy, 2s.; J. E. T., 2s. 6d.; Gip, 6d.; F. G. A. (Shetty), 2s. 6d.; A Miner, 2s. 6d.; C. May (E. Ham), 2s.; J. J. W., 5s.; A Widow's Mite for Christ's sake, 3s.; Anon., 2s.; Cantab. (Dover), 2s.; Mrs. E. Chilton (Hull), 1s. 6d.; Yakum, 2s. 6d.; Nancy Green, 10s.; J. E. B. (Thirsk), 2s. 6d.; Dorothy and Arthur, 5s.; Mrs A. Hall (Garway), 2s.; Miss T. Howe, 5s.; Maggie Mitchell, 1s.; J. M. C. (Hammersmith), 2s. 6d.; Gratuity, 2s. 6d.; A Trocnite, 1s.; Grateful, 1s. 6d.; R. M. L. J., £1; Meerabrook, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Scott (Killamarsh), 1s.; M. B., 10s.; Anon. Bristol), 10s.; R. B. B. C., 4s.; Mrs. McI. (L'pool), 6d.; Olde Lacke, 2s.; Anon., 3s.; S. Jacobs (Lr. Warlingham), 5s.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Don't Wear a Truss!

After 30 Years' Experience an Appliance has been invented for Men, Women and Children that Cures Rupture.

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who Cured himself, and whose experience has since benefited thousands. If ruptured, write to-day.

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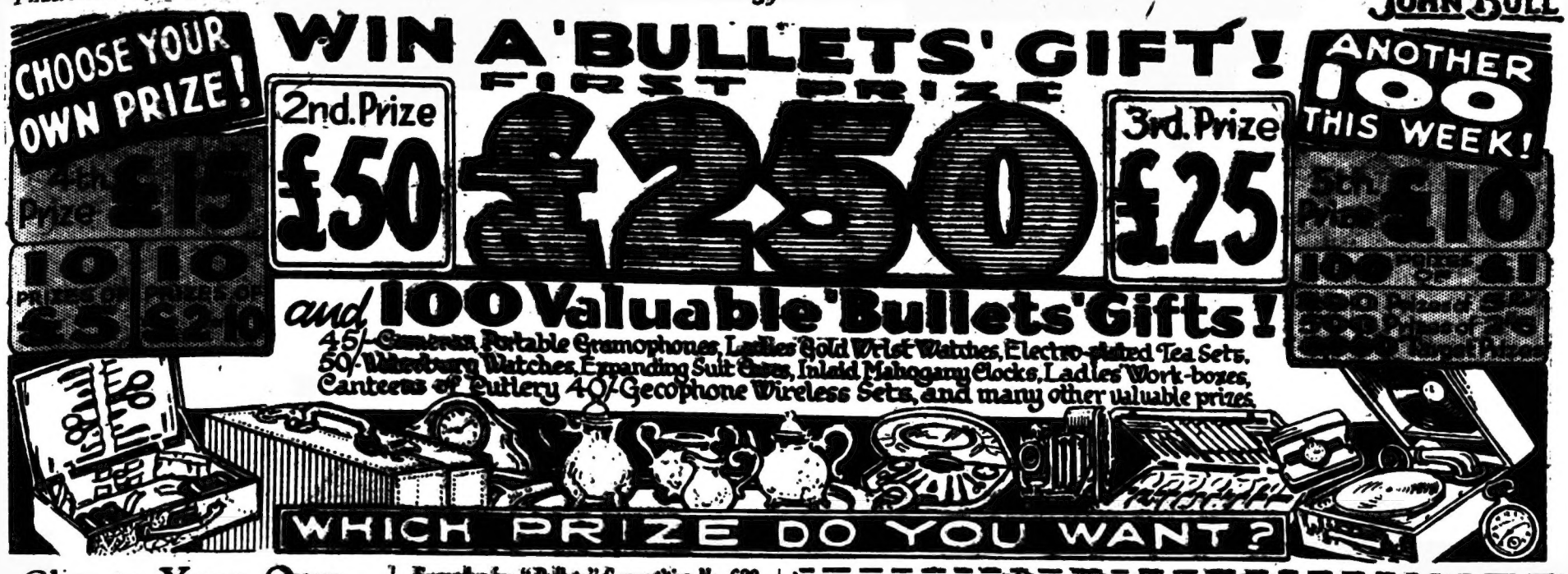
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WIN A 'BULLETS' GIFT!
FIRST PRIZE
£250
2nd. Prize £50
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ANOTHER 100 THIS WEEK!
and 100 Valuable 'Bullets' Gifts!
45/- Cameras, Portable Gramophones, Ladies' Gold Wrist Watches, Electro-plated Tea Sets,
50/- Waterbury Watches, Expanding Suit Cases, Inlaid Mahogany Clocks, Ladies' Work-boxes,
Canteens of Cutlery, 40/- Gecophone Wireless Sets, and many other valuable prizes.
WHICH PRIZE DO YOU WANT?

Choose Your Own Prize!

THERE are 100 valuable *Bullets'* Gifts to be won this week, and winners will be invited to choose their own prizes from the list below.

Portable Gramophone, 28-piece Canteen of Cutlery, Lady's Gold Wrist-watch, Children's Tan-sad Cycle, Electro-plated Tea Service, Complete Gecophone Wireless Set, 45s. Valet AutoStrop Shaving Set, Lady's Toilet Set (tortoiseshell pattern) Large Doll's Pram, Expanding Suit Case, 42s. Gillette Gold-plated Razor Set, Case of Fish Knives and Servers, Aneroid Barometer, Real Crocodile Handbag, 50s. Waterbury Dress Watch, 8-day Clock inlaid Mahogany, Sterling Silver Cigarette Case, Lady's Workcase, 45s. Folding Camera (Ensign make), charming Manicure Set, Case of 4 "City de Luxe" Pipes, 45s. Ingersoll Wrist Watch, handsome Smoking Cabinet, 40s. Waterman Pen and Pencil in case.

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Mr. G. HOWE, 75, Hele Road, Torquay.
Example :—HOUSE HUNTING
Bullet :—LOVERS "LOSING HEART" AGAIN.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. S. HOPKINS, Velvet Walks, Central Street, Bolton.
Example :—HEAVEN ON EARTH
Bullet :—NO ONE "NUMBER ONE."

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mrs. D. CAHILL, 86, Sutton Court, Chiswick, London, W.
Example :—UNEASY
Bullet :—WORLD AND *Soldier's* WIFE.

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:

Miss A. HEMINGWAY, 27, Elland Road, Brighouse.
Example :—SMALL SALARY
Bullet :—JUMP AT—SPRING FROM.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. J. W. [illegible], 11, Cross Street, Camborne.
Example :—WHY HE WENT BROKE
Bullet :—DIDN'T UNDERSTAND GOING BANKRUPT.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

A. AITKEN, 7, Canon Street, Edinburgh.
OUR SERVANT—"CAPTURE," BUT NO "PRISONER."

(Continued on page 56.)

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 629.

IN CHINA
THE OLD WAY
BROUGHT HOME
A HELPING HAND
HOW HE GETS ON
WHEN FORTUNE FROWNS
COMPLIMENTARY
OVERDOING IT
MADE OF MONEY
PRACTICAL JOKE
LOVE THAT LASTS
LADY OF LEISURE
ADMIRINGLY
WORTH HAVING
GOOD FOR FATHER
NOT ADVERTISED
SAID TO THE DOLLY
FUTURE HUSBAND
WORK FOR HER
HOW THE TROUBLE BEGAN
HER TEMPER
WHAT THE CLOCK SAID
NO FAMILY
WITH A SHOUT
MOVING
BETTER OFF
NATURE'S LAWS
ALL SMILES
BILLY'S MISTAKE
UNCOMFORTABLE
ASLEEP
WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed [illegible] and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. Thus a recent winner who selected the *Example*—MODEL EMPLOYER, added the *Bullet*—FOR DISCONTENTED WIFE, BABY, and secured £50 for those few words. Three recent First Prize winners were :

Example :—BAD BOY — *Bullet :*—"GETS IT" FROM FATHER.
Example :—WIRELESS PROGRAMME — *Bullet :*—*World* TO THE *Blind*.
Example :—WRONG WAY — *Bullet :*—ABOUT—ARMAMENTS REDUCING NATIONS.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6D. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to "Bullets" No. 629, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comps.)

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Feb. 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(629) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Feb. 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(629) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Feb. 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(629) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, Feb. 24.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(629) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Science created Persil Persil created workless washing

Persil is something new and astonishing. Persil is *not* a soap powder – Persil is the modern oxygen washing compound. It not only harmlessly cleans but gives new life—longer wear—to clothes. It releases volumes of purifying oxygen in the water — breathes cleanliness and strength into every fibre. And its germ-destroying properties are working at the same time.

For all washing

You can tell by the fresh sweet smell —the bright clearness of the clothes —when Persil does the washing.

Persil washes flannels and woollens just as easily as it washes white things. Give it your muslins, laces and curtains. Persil cleans everything so much *faster*. But

always use

Persil

the right way – it's simple!

In 3½d and 6d packets

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